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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 25, 1957

PRICE

9



Happy Christmas to our Readers

87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH *

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

*How safe
are you?*

**Protect yourself
and family with
LISTERINE**

Listerine gargled three times a day is a potent protection. Tests prove that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on the throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

invaders" can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine gargle. Gargle Listerine for a few seconds three times a day and you fight 87% of all illnesses.

Easy, safe treatment

All you do is gargle undiluted Antiseptic Listerine three times a day... it's as easy as that! And



Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

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Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not.

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Available in 3-oz., 7-oz., and 14-oz. bottles.

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LISTERINE**

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Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary

*87% OF ALL INFECTIONS INITIALLY ATTACK THE BODY ORALLY.

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

DEEP in the eyes of a child is where Christmas lies.

There, in blue, or brown, or hazel wells, is trust and hope, gentle as a baby breathing.

There, too, are reflections of all simple things, and innocence as clean as earth washed by rain and dried by mountain winds.

There is love so pure that water from a spring is muddy drab—love that mirrors the abiding goodness in the world. No amount of evil can submerge it.

There is excitement dancing like a monkey on a string, and discovery that needs no boat to bridge the islands of enchantment in the oceans of once a year.

And there is faith—faith so strong that only the tides of years can sweep it out to sea to mingle with the weeds of hopes lost and dreams forgotten.

There, if you want to read in eyes so young, is the message one Man left to guide His kind, to teach them truth, to show them how to live and love by simple rules of tolerant majesty.

There is the message that has survived war and decadence and death for two millenniums—the message that guides frail man through all the forests of uncertainty which cover the land he spans on his short and lonely journey.

There is the way.

Deep in the eyes of a child is where Christmas lies.

Our cover

Like other youngsters, the Sara quads can't wait to get to town to tell Santa what they want for Christmas. On our cover they are, from left, Phillip, Alison, Judith, and Mark. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

CONTENTS

FICTION

The Actress and the Cop, William Saroyan	16, 17
J. Jones, Guest, Elliott Chase	18
Greeting to All, B. J. Chute	19
The Round Voyage (Serial, Part 5), John Rowan Wilson	20, 21
Christmas on the Island, Olaf Ruhen	22, 23

SPECIAL FEATURES

Christmas Shows	8, 9, 11
Wep Cartoon	28, 29
Sara and Lucke Quads	34, 35

FASHION

Dress Sense, Betty Keep	27
Fashion Frocks	47
Patterns	53

FILMS

Susan Strasberg	43
Film Preview	44
Reviews	45

HOMEMAKING

Transfers	40	Home Plan	50
Table Settings	46	Gardening	51
Cookery (color)	49	Prize Recipes	52

REGULAR FEATURES

Science Facts	7	Here's Your Answer	31
TV Parade, Nan Musgrove	12	Worth Reporting	33
Social	13	Stars	37
It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	15	Sweet & Sour	39
Readers' Letters	26	These Are Australian	41
Ross Campbell	26	Mandrake	54
Beauty	27	Teena	55
		Crossword	55

THE WEEKLY ROUND

Princess Alexandra (see opposite) has collected some impressive titles for a young girl, even a Royal Princess.

SHE is patron of the British Junior Red Cross, the Association of Training Corps for Girls, the Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School, the junior section of the Royal Society, the Royal Naval Service, and the 20th-Century Group of the Overseas League.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg, who took the pictures for Ronald McKie's Christmas story this week, told us that Ronald made a big hit in his role for the day of Father Christmas in a city store.

An executive member of the store told Ron that "Mr. McKie was one of the best Father Christmases we have ever had. He can have a job every year if he wants it."

Ron Berg added that he, too, was most impressed by Ronald McKie's style.

"When he came out to sit on the throne," Ron said, "he bowed first to the parents, then to the children."

IN the New Year, beginning with our issue next week, we will present a new series of color photographs depicting scenes and life in Australia.

The 1958 pictures will be called "The Australian Year," and will be a series of seasonal photographs.

We have no doubt that the new series will prove as successful as our previous series, "Beautiful Australia," "Wonderful Australia," and "These are Australian."

The pictures will again be selected from those submitted by both amateur and professional photographers.

THREE years ago, Australian author Olaf Ruhen spent Christmas in the Trobriand Islands, where he bought a little native-carved wooden figure because he "fell in love with the face."

He has always had it round him, and eventually it became the motif of the charming story which appears in this issue.

Mr. Ruhen, who lives in

Sydney, is one of Australia's most successful writers. His short stories are in big demand by top American magazines.

IT appears that it isn't men who get embarrassed when they shop for feminine fripperies like underwear.

Jack Nossiter, the male shopper featured in the story on page 4 this week, wasn't at all perturbed when he selected a chiffon nightie for his wife at a Sydney store, but the salesgirls standing round were very coy about the transaction.

A BLUE MOUNTAINS

A man who considers himself lucky is Leura newsagent Charles Evans Wells. The fire skipped his 20-year-old business in The Mall, which was Leura's most devastated street.

Keith Eldred, who runs the Katoomba newsagency with his brother, Neville, is still in business, although his home at Leura was burnt down, and the Eldreds and their seven children are now homeless.

THE CHRISTMAS PRINCESS



DUTIFUL, conscious of her position, Princess Alexandra has an earnest official programme, as (above) visiting a school in Sussex and (right) an R.A.F. establishment in Gloucestershire. But her private life leads the Royal Family in "democratisation." Now, in her early maturity, she is easily the most attractive girl in a non-stuffy social set. On duty she is known and liked for her "natural" remarks like her comic-despairing, "My hair never stays in place for long!"



Once overshadowed by a beautiful mother and a glamor cousin, Alexandra is now a real charmer

Princess Alexandra, 21 years old on Christmas Day, will celebrate her birthday at Sandringham with the Queen and Royal Family. She has changed from a boisterous teenager, more tomboy than coquette, into a lovely young woman.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

ALEXANDRA has now achieved the elegance for which her mother, the Duchess of Kent, is famous. This birthday she will wear—with flair and chic—French clothes.

Castillo of Lanvin, the Paris couturier who dresses Europe's royalty, first sent sketches, then decided that the clothes required extra-special attention. With assistants, he flew to London and did the designing at Kensington Palace.

Until now Princess Alexandra has not been a fashion leader. Her worldly wise mother said, "Let her make her own mistakes."

As every clever mother would, she stood aside while Alexandra shopped off the hook, went to bargain sales, and bought little dresses from small houses. Only for grand occasions did she direct her daughter's taste to the big couture houses.

While Castillo was working on Alexandra's French wardrobe, the Duchess of Kent sent out invitations to Alexandra's 21st birthday party. It will be held on January 6, at Kensington Palace, when the Royal Christmas house party at Sandringham is over.

The party is described as a "small dance," "Black Tie," and will be attended by the

Queen, Prince Philip, and Princess Margaret.

The Duchess of Kent, remembering the Duke of Kent's lively 21st birthday at "Coppins," their country home, has asked for extra squads of police to prevent gate-crashers.

Princess Alexandra has really been "out" since she was 17.

Because she realises her position in the Royal Family, she has not neglected her full Royal programme while leading a happy and quite care-free private life.

The Duchess of Kent's lady-in-waiting said, "Princess Alexandra instinctively knew, even as a little girl, that she must earn her fun."

Easy manner

Blessed with good looks, a natural manner, with charm and lots of talent, Princess Alexandra has pleased everyone in carrying out her official duties. No Princess has had a better Press.

The answer is simple. As a close observer said, "She never once put a foot wrong." Yet the Princess has had to carry off many awkward situations. And you might say she put a foot wrong—in Wales when she stepped forward to present a cup and found her shoe had stuck in the mud.

But: "I really thought I had lost it that time," she quipped as she extricated herself.

Rather naive in spite of her early maturity, the Princess is still fascinated by the way people live.

Stepping into a salon for a fitting, she found workmen redecorating, and she insisted on knowing how to apply paint. Picking up a brush, she tried a few strokes.

Yet she is candid about her shortcomings. "I once tried to make a shirt and got as far as the collar. There I got stuck, so I gave it up," she said.

None of Princess Alexandra's friends are obliged to call her "Ma'am." While Princess Margaret will let no one forget she is "Her Royal Highness," the equally Royal Alexandra likes to be called just "Alex."

"You can drop the 'Ma'am,'" she once laughed. Her friends have done so long since.

This year at Ascot she said, "I'm dashing back to the box. My mother is waiting." Princess Margaret and Princess Elizabeth at her age would have said, "My mother, the Queen," or, "My father, the King."

Her naturalness is her most captivating quality. Yet this had to be curbed. Once, when

her mother told her she must restrain her remarks, she replied, "But I am not a careful person."

She had to learn to be careful. And she had to learn to be punctual.

"Be on time, Alex," her mother emphasised. "No Royal lady may be late."

Milliners and dressmakers heaved a sigh of relief when this lesson had sunk home. Yet Princess Alexandra still insists on informality.

"I'll find my own way home," she says to horrified ball officials as she dismisses her car. And the most frequent photographs of her are taken in the small hours of the morning, showing her beside a friend in a car.

"Sorry I can't sit down. My skirt is too tight" was another of her candid remarks when asked to try a chair at a housing exhibition. And: "Oh, I bought a lampshade just like that."

Her public is beginning to know she will react exactly as the humblest of them. To those more accustomed to dealing with the conventional Royal manner, the reaction is very surprising indeed.

Alexandra has had all the advantages of travel.

She has lived abroad with her cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, with the Comte de Paris' family, with her

grandmother in Greece, and visiting friends this summer in Italy.

Her circle of English friends is equally wide, and she has been free to spend her weekends as a house-guest, with few of the formalities that usually hedge Royalty.

At the same time, Princess Alexandra insists on carrying out every function to perfection.

It is this sense of duty that endears Alexandra to the Royal Family.

On the job

In her official rounds, she is seen more often in a severe uniform than in a pretty frock.

She acquired another uniform recently—that of a nurse.

Being on duty at 9 a.m. with three babies in her charge is not a "chore" for Princess Alexandra, nor is it a dedication. She simply wants to have her life as full as possible. Like any other girl of her age she has a gay social life after work.

Robin Douglas-Home was her constant escort before it was rumored he and Princess Margaretha of Sweden were in love.

Though Alexandra is described as still being "footloose and fancy free," there is said to be quite a list of possible

suitors, including her cousin, Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, Juan Carlos, son of the Spanish Pretender, who is often a guest at the same house parties, and Crown Prince Harald of Norway, who has many times been mentioned as a possible husband.

In England, there is her constant escort—brother of her lady-in-waiting—the good-looking Marquess of Hamilton, heir to the Duke of Abercorn. There is Shaun Plunket, brother of Lord Plunket, one of Alexandra's devoted friends, and Count Vincent Powkiewski, whose mother is one of the Duchess of Kent's closest friends and whose grandmother (the Baroness de Stockel) is known in the family as "Aunt Ag."

Last summer Alexandra spent a holiday in Italy with, as escort, Giuseppe Gazzoni, 27-year-old son of a wealthy Italian industrialist, and with whom she later had dates in London.

In Scotland, while the guest of Lady Zia Wernher, her constant companion was good-looking Lord O'Neill, whose estates are in County Antrim, Northern Ireland.

The Earl of Erne and Jackie Robinson, an American at Oxford and friend of Fiona Douglas-Home (Robin's sister), complete the list of young boy-friends.

This father has the Christmas game sewn up

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES

● To debunk the theory that men get the easy end of Christmas while their wives get sore feet trudging around the shops I went Christmas shopping with a man who had a morning to spend and a shopping list a foot long.

MEET Jack Nossiter, the man who put a bride-doll and a barking dog (toy variety) on lay-by last October.

Other men may be seen slipping furtively into department stores, uneasily by-passing the lingerie department, sheepishly making for the toy trains (where husbands may always be retrieved if lost).

But not Jack Nossiter. This man actually **LIKES** shopping.

In case his fellow men may feel he's letting the side down, Mr. Nossiter quickly produces his reason—and excuse.

Back home, which is a roomy house with a water frontage at Fairlight, over a stretch of Sydney's Middle Harbor, is Mrs. Nossiter, just home from hospital with Miss Louise Nossiter.

And Louise, aged all of 20 days, is the fifth Miss Nossiter, bringing the family total of young Nossiters to seven — five girls and two boys.

"Doing the shopping? Well,



JACK NOSSITER, who has seven children—and Christmas-stocking orders from all of them.

you could say I'm getting efficient," said Mr. Nossiter, modestly, when I went to collect him one morning at the film company where he works.

I found him poring over The List.

"Christmas," he explained,

"starts creeping up on our family about three months early.

"Long before the ads. start reminding you of how many shopping days to Christmas, our children get in their own reminders."

Louise hasn't quite got to the stage of dropping hints, but Christine (12), Jennifer (10), Michael (9), David (6), Patty (3), and Joanne (who's almost two) have been putting in their orders for weeks.

"I'd like to say hints, but it's too mild a word for my family. We've been getting detailed descriptions of exactly what each of them wants, and, in case it should ever slip my mind, little notes are liable to appear on my wife's dressing-table."

The Nossiters work to a Christmas budget each year. "It used to be £2 a head, but this year it looks like being nearer £5. With nine of us, plus a pair of grandmothers, that's £55."

Armed with The List we set out, Mr. Nossiter leading the way down Pitt Street.

"We'll start with the toy department," he announced, making a beeline for it as I followed meekly behind.

"By the seventh child you know just where every toy department in town is," he explained.

"Rattles, please," he requested. Over a mound of rattles he made a quick decision, picked a most superior type with a suction sticker end that could go horizontally on the bathtub, ticked Louise off The List.

Next name, working from the bottom up, was Joanne.



"Joanne doesn't really demand things. She just opens her big blue eyes and everyone rushes to get what she wants," said the father.

Joanne wants a dolly "like Patty's." "Patty ordered a bride-doll early, so it's on lay-by. Maybe for the sake of peace . . ."

Ten minutes had gone by and two bride-dolls were now accounted for, and three names ticked off The List.

Another ten minutes and

Mr. Nossiter had bought a frogman's gear (junior size for Michael) and a model train (for David), with barely a glance at the fishing rods he loves, and only a flicker at the other fathers merrily playing trains.

Five names now had red ticks beside them and Christine and Jennifer came next.

Here at least, I thought, the man might hesitate. Christine wanted a dress, Jennifer sandals.

Rattled off

"I've done this before," explained Mr. Nossiter, searching through a rack of junior-sized cotton dresses. Seven minutes and Christine's present was wrapped up; eight more and Jennifer was crossed off.

A little laden down now, Mr. Nossiter led the way along the street while I followed clutching what was audibly the rattle.

"Hit records — the girls love them." He quickly shuffled past Elvis Presley — "though I rather imagine he's on the girls' own list" — settled on rock-n-roll — "you get used to anything in time."

At the end of the hour he'd also bought handkerchiefs and powder, a package of cosmetics, and Grandma Hen. and Grandma Noss. were ticked off.

"NOTHING TO IT," Mr. Nossiter told reporter Annette Fielding-Jones. He bought a bride-doll, barking dog, model train, and baby's rattle in ten minutes' shopping time.

By now I was beginning to wilt, but not Mr. Nossiter.

"Mummy" was the only name left, and pencilled beside it was a word that can usually be counted on sending most men into a flat spin.

"I'd like to see some nightgowns, please," announced Jack Nossiter to the six or seven assistants who circled the one lone man in the lingerie department.

"No, not black chiffon . . . I like this yellow one.

"Well, that's that," he said. "Nothing much to shopping."

The total shopping time stood at one hour fifteen minutes.

The only thing left for me to do was help carry some of the parcels home.

Six blond Nossiters and two brownettes — Mrs. Nossiter and baby Louise — were on the steps as we tried to pretend we weren't hiding a pack of parcels behind our backs.

Then I asked about the one he'd also bought handkerchiefs and powder, a package of cosmetics, and Grandma Hen.

"Dad," said the children, "hasn't made up his mind about what he wants."



LINGERING OVER LINGERIE, family-man Nossiter refused to be perturbed by feminine atmosphere. Rejecting black chiffon, he chose a yellow nightgown for his wife.



RECORD BUY (above) for two daughters included latest hit tunes. Mr. Nossiter shuffled past Elvis Presley discs.

EIGHT NOSSITERS wait to see what Daddy's bought. Joanne sits on his lap, Patty is peeking, Michael, David, Christine, and Jennifer line up with Mrs. Nossiter and baby.



IT'S NO COP BEING SANTA!

● *Our own Father Christmas went to a Sydney store to play Santa Claus. He came away exhausted and with only one regret.*

By RONALD McKIE

RAY CONNORS whitened my eyebrows, slapped some rouge on my nose and forehead, and adjusted my brand-new patriarchal beard.

"You look fine," he said. "Now all you've got to watch for are the old 'uns and the babies."

"That's right," said Bill Gray, the other Santa Claus, as he took off his broad belt and buckled it around my middle.

"The few eight-to-tens you'll get are a wake-up, as Mo used to say, so watch 'em like red-back spiders.

"The babies don't regard you as human but as something to pull—and what's better than a long white beard."

I put on my scarlet cap with its long pompon, studied myself in the mirror, and decided I looked as benign and composed as any undernourished amateur Santa could be in scarlet trousers held up with a safety-pin, scarlet coat, white cotton-wool, and rubber waders four sizes too big.

Santa Bill and Santa Ray led me past a heap of props and stacked scenery, past a singing electric motor, to a hole in the wall and gave me a gentle push.

"You're on," they said.

And the only thing they'd forgotten to tell me, as I clumped through into the glare of arc lights, was where to go.

I turned left and almost fell over a bridge into the Sleeping Beauty exhibition. I tried an opening between two fir trees and nearly lost both cap and beard. I shambled right, through the snow, and at last reached my red-and-silver throne.

For the first time I looked around, and didn't like what I saw.

Packed in front of me were about 500 women and children — and if there's anything more determined-looking in this world than massed mothers it's massed mothers with young.

They have the expression Solomon Islanders wore when surrounding their first missionary in his cooking pot.

Despite my background of winter trees and snow-draped mountains, I began to sweat — right down into my waders.

Then the attack began, and if there's anyone who thinks that being a Father Christmas is a soft cop, then kindly read on.

Mind the beard

I rapidly discovered that I had to lift a child (sometimes two) on to my knee, turn it to face a camera, find out what it wanted while guarding my beard, make suitable clucking noises, and get rid of it — all in about 10 seconds.

Which means that in the first half-hour, after picking up at least 150 children weighing from one stone to about five, my socks were sopping wet, my knees were shaking, and my latent fibrositis was beginning to bark ominously.

But there were compensations — like the enchanting little girl who put an arm around my neck and stroked my back, up and down like a roller blind, while she explained she wanted a tea-set, two dolls, and a piano.

Though I had a little trouble with a small boy with freckles who explored so far under my beard with a sticky

hand that I got ticklish and nearly dropped him.

Some kids could tell me, with the fluency of Eddie Ward, what they wanted for Christmas; others were tongue-tied. But nearly all of them gazed at me with such wondering adoration that I was so impressed I didn't even feel an impostor.

I said nearly all, because one small wench with a copper fringe and no teeth refused to sit on my knee. When I asked her if she wanted a doll, she said firmly, "I've got one," and left.

One I liked best was the blue-eyed tot of about four who wanted a bone for Christmas.

"And why do you want a bone?" I asked.

She looked at me as if I were a half-wit: "Because me puppy's got one."

One thing that intrigued me was the number of children — up to 10 years and especially girls — who were apparently believers, unless my leg was being pulled.

Another thing was the variety of requests, although one lad of about nine, who had a dirty leer in his left eye and who asked for a Cadillac, I got rid of — and fast.

Requests ranged from dolls to budgerigars in cages. An extraordinary number of girls in the five-six-seven range wanted cash registers or type-

writers, and many boys and girls wanted clothes.

There was also the constantly recurring demand among the older age-groups for television sets, often "because the people next door have it."

Significantly, too, the girls of all ages purred when told they were pretty or had bright eyes, while the boys, if I praised them for size or toughness, looked at me as if I were Neanderthal Man.

After 45 minutes I estimated I'd lifted more than four tons of offspring—220 children at an average weight of three stone.

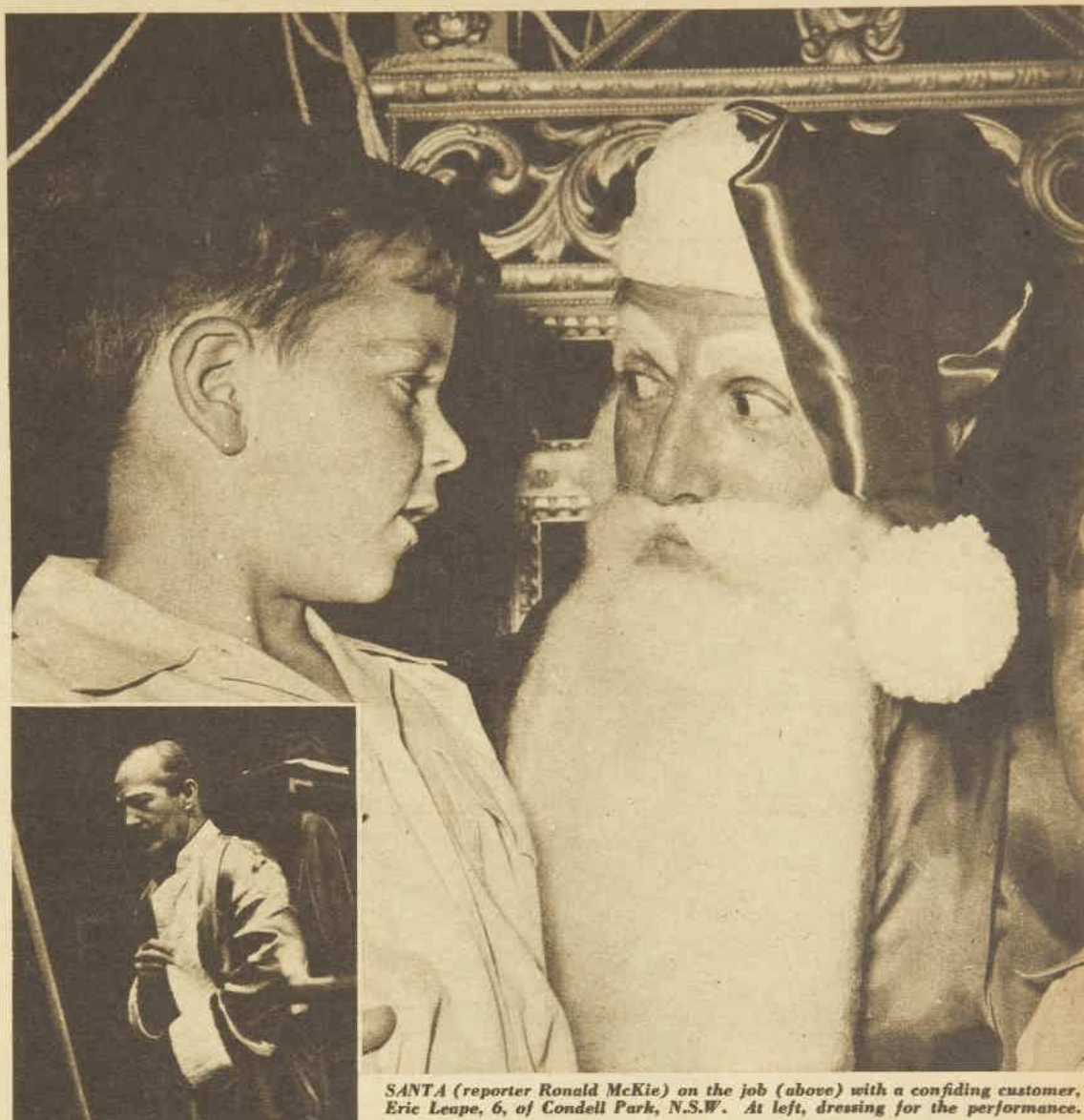
By this time my knees were no longer shaking—they were dead—and my fibrositis was no longer latent but was nagging happily. I also had the first penetrating twinges of a rheumatic neck.

I was sitting there semi-conscious, mumbling firm promises of motor-bikes and sailing boats in Christmas stockings, when a couple passed the railing in front of me.

Reviver

"I'd like a TV set, Santa," the woman called, and her husband, a packhorse for parcels, added mournfully, "And for Pete's sake make it a dozen lager."

Revived a little by this beau-



SANTA (reporter Ronald McKie) on the job (above) with a confiding customer, Eric Leape, 6, of Condell Park, N.S.W. At left, dressing for the performance.

tiful thought, I turned to the next lump on my knee and said, "And would you like a lovely doll?"

The redhead with snub nose and freckles gave me the look of an insulted taipan and growled, "Gee, Mister, can't you see I'm no sheila."

By the time my ordeal was over and I'd managed to shuffle behind the fir trees and the scenery, I had just sufficient strength for one way-

ward regret. This was that Santas are not allowed to ignore a child here and there and nurse their mothers instead.

That dark-haired Mum in blue spots, for instance, who made my cap pompon bob when I smiled benevolently at her through my ziff.

That ash-blonde with the lacquered hair who wished me . . . Happy Christmas.



ELOQUENT EXPRESSIONS in the queue to talk to Father Christmas at Mark Foy's, Sydney, where the two regular Santas let our Santa try his amateur talents.



AGED seven, you're liable to be tolerant of the little kids who believe there's a Father Christmas. This seven-year-old leaning on a rail to watch Santa at work is John McConnell, of Yowie Bay, N.S.W.

Choose your gifts

from Australia's greatest range of Xmas confectionery.

delicious chocolates, toffees... in fancy tins, novelty packs... ALL MADE BY MAC. ROBERTSON

Watch eyes sparkle when a Mac. Robertson gift goes with your Christmas greetings. And what a wonderful variety of Mac. Robertson confections to choose from! Chocolates... toffees... peppermints... nuts... creams... and more. All in beautifully designed packages — each with a gay Christmas greeting band. See the Mac. Robertson favourites on this page — go Christmas shopping amongst the dozens of tempting Mac. Robertson confections at your store.



Santa shows you (above left) Mac. Robertson's unusual fancy tins and novelty packs.

1. Jelly Beans — in a colourful new gift pack. Only 2/-.
2. Playmates — a fine quality milk chocolate assortment in an appealing 12-oz. tin. 12/6.
3. Happy Days — toffee assortment in an original "travelling case" pack. Perfect for the kiddies. 2/-.
4. Floral — gaily wrapped toffees in an attractive 1-lb. tin. 11/-.
5. Speed Track — a real novelty. Assorted toffees, complete with an absorbing pin ball game. Only 11/-.
6. Carnival — a new thrilling assortment of selected toffees in a gay 8-oz. caddy. 7/-.
7. Springtime — a beautiful new 1-lb. floral caddy packed with assorted toffees. 11/-.
8. On Santa's head is Old Gold — Australia's favourite chocolate assortment. ¼-lb. — 5/6, 1-lb. — 11/-, 2-lb. — 22/-.

Here (above right) are more delectable Mac. Robertson assortments.

9. Golden Glory chocolate assortment, for a sophisticated gift. 2-lb. box. 25/-.
10. Hibiscus — popular chocolate and toffee assortment. 13/-.
11. Tiger Lily — a new assortment of milk and dark chocolates in a 2-lb. tin. 27/6.
12. Blossom Time — dark chocolates in a glorious new 12-oz. box. 10/-.
13. Scorched Almonds — ½-lb. box toasted almonds coated with milk chocolate. Only 7/-.
14. Clematis — dark and milk chocolate assortment in an attractive 2-lb. tin. 27/6.

Retail price of certain lines may be slightly higher in distant country areas.

All made for a merrier Xmas by

MacRobertson

THE GREAT NAME
IN CONFECTIONERY

ROYAL MAID REMEMBERS



THE LATE KING GEORGE VI with the Queen (now Queen Mother) and Princess Margaret at Balmoral. Former castle housemaid Grace Christie (right) recently visited Australia and recalled her three years of serving Royalty.

The Princess sang in the glasshouse

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

● Shy and small, Grace Christie didn't want to work for the Royal Family. She was "afraid of doing something wrong." But today she says they're the nicest people in the world to work for.

MISS CHRISTIE, a former housemaid at Balmoral Castle, returned to Scotland recently after 18 months in Australia.

She was employed at the castle from 1947 until 1950, when the Queen Mother — "the most wonderful wife and mother" — was reigning Queen.

"She was born with a queen's dignity," Miss Christie said, in her soft Scottish burr, "and I never once saw her when she wasn't poised, serene, and smiling."

"In the Tower at Balmoral, where I worked with two other girls, were the secretaries, ladies-in-waiting, their maids, the equerries, and the footmen."

"All the stairs are covered in ancient tartans."

"Housemaids had to get up at 4 a.m., and finish the floors by 11 a.m."

"I was late one morning, and was carrying a large bundle of sheets when the Queen came along the passage."

"We were supposed to curtsy when we saw any of

the Royal Family, and there was I, trying to curtsy with the huge bundle of sheets!

"The Queen just smiled in a most amused fashion and said, 'Good morning, Grace.'"

"She was wonderful like that — she knew the name of everyone on the staff."

"I think if she saw a new face she would ask the housekeeper for the name, because she had a personal greeting for everyone."

Miss Christie explained that the Royal Family was usually in residence at Balmoral between August 1 and the end of November.

Fifty Scottish staff were engaged to go there six weeks before the family.

Fifty English staff arrived the night before and stayed for six weeks, when another 50 from Buckingham Palace took their place.

"This gave all the staff the chance of a Scottish holiday," Miss Christie said.

"After Royalty went back to London the place always seemed dead, and didn't come alive again until the next visit."

"After 11 o'clock each day we were free until 1 p.m., when we had to be back on the job dressed in black dresses with white collars."

"We went round the public rooms emptying waste-paper baskets, ash-trays, and generally tidying up. Then we were free till 6.30."

"In the afternoons we could cycle over the beautiful countryside between Ballater and Braemar, or sit by the River Dee, which runs through the grounds, or walk on the heather-clad hills."

Miss Christie told how the Queen Mother loves to relax at Balmoral and go for a walk in flat-heeled shoes, surrounded by dogs.

"But the one who really loves dogs and flowers is Princess Elizabeth — the Queen, I mean."

"The staff wasn't supposed to go near the conservatories when the family was in residence, but one day, when I was new, I walked past a glasshouse and was surprised to hear someone singing inside."

"I peeped, and saw Princess Elizabeth, potting some little plants and singing away to herself as happy as you please."

"And in the grounds, you know," she confided, "there are bronze statues of countless dogs which have lived at Balmoral and were probably used for hunting."

"Every Sunday afternoon, half the staff is taken — or was in my time — by bus on a picnic. We made the tea outside in large urns."

"And we had many dances and concerts, and attended all picture performances with the Royal Family. At these picture shows — all pre-releases — the staff must all be seated before Their Majesties arrive."

"Do you know, as she walked to her place, the Queen Mother used to speak to the person at the end of each row? She used to wish them 'good night,' or say that she hoped they enjoyed the film."

Miss Christie says she will always remember two dances held in the Balmoral ballroom. One concerns the late

King, the other the Queen Mother.

"At one dance," she said, "I was dancing with a footman, and he bumped into King George."

"After the dance I was standing on the edge of the floor when His Majesty came over to me, laughing, and said, 'You'll have to teach that partner of yours how to do Scottish country dancing.'"

"The other occasion was at a fancy-dress ball in the staff recreation hall. The Royal Family sat on a raised dais at the end of the room."

"I went in an elaborate carnival costume I'd made with green and yellow crepe paper."

"During the procession round the room a girl told me that Princess Elizabeth — she wasn't the Queen then, of course — and Princess Margaret were talking about me."

"Sure enough, they were. They were arguing whether my dress was made of paper or material."

"And later the Queen Mother had to settle the argument. She came across to me, felt the dress between her fingers, and said, 'Is that paper, Grace?'"

"Then she complimented me on how nice it looked."

"I'll always remember the Queen Mother on another occasion, too — just another staff dance, when she looked more beautiful than I've ever seen her."

"She had on a white brocade dress, and looked magnificent — so gay and yet so regal."

"I've never seen her laugh, you know, but she's always smiling."



SCIENCE FACTS

ABOUT SATELLITES

HOW do objects like the Sputniks become earth satellites?

If you fired a gun horizontally from a mountain-top, the shell would curve downward under the influence of gravity and land perhaps ten miles away.

If you sent a shell faster, by the time it had travelled 100 miles the earth would have fallen away about a mile because of its curvature, and the shell would naturally have farther to fall.

But if you could send a shell at five miles a second (18,000 m.p.h.), the earth would continue to fall away as fast as the shell falls, and the shell would travel round the earth back to its starting-point.

In other words, its path round the earth would be its orbit and the shell would be a satellite.

This example, of course, is oversimplified, because if the shell became a satellite near ground level it would melt and vaporise through friction with the atmosphere.

Even if it were possible to fire a shell the size and weight of Sputnik I at 80 miles above the earth, its life as a satellite would be only 15 minutes.

You can't fire satellites like the Sputniks with a gun, but you can carry them up to great heights with a two or three stage rocket and get them into orbit.

This is what happens: At 300 miles or more, delicate navigational and other instruments swing the final-stage rocket into a horizontal position and then boost it to 18,000 m.p.h., when the earth's gravitational pull and the rocket's centrifugal force are about equal.

At this speed the rocket begins to circle the earth and the satellite is separated.

If the instruments have been accurate, the satellite will orbit at the same distance from the earth. If not, the satellite will go into an elliptical orbit.

This means that the satellite will rise above its correct orbit on one side of the earth and will fall below it on the other.

The lifetime of the satellite will be reduced because the average atmospheric resistance is increased.

The higher a satellite is in orbit above the earth the slower its speed — due to a decrease in the pull of gravity — and the longer its orbital period.

The moon, which weighs 74,000,000,000 tons (Sputnik II weighs half a ton), is the almost perfect satellite.

Its orbit is only slightly elliptical, a variation of only six per cent. each way from the perfect circle, compared with Sputnik II's 10 per cent. and Sputnik I's five per cent.

"CINDERELLA" and "SALAD DAYS"



PRINCE CHARMING (Rosemary Marriott) catches Dandini (Wendy de Beyer) hand the slipper to Cinderella (Wendy Blacklock) in the Sydney show. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



★ "Cinderella," fairy tale of magic and romance, will be presented in both Sydney and Melbourne this Christmas. The Sydney pantomime begins at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, on December 23, and is produced by Charles Dorning and Tibor Rudas. In Melbourne the show opens on December 26 at the Tivoli Theatre. The production is by Percy King.

COMEDIAN Buttons (Johnnie Lockwood) flirts with Melbourne's Cinderella (16-year-old Heather Horwood) to the disapproval of the Prince (Irene Bevan). This picture is by staff photographer Sam Blakeway.

★ "Salad Days," a fanciful musical woven around the adventures of a young couple and a "magic" but peace-disturbing piano, is showing at Melbourne's Princess Theatre. An all-Australian cast of 12 play the 57 roles in the musical, which has had great success overseas. It is produced by Londoner Stanley Willis Croft. Music is by another Englishman, Julian Slade.

● Another Holiday Show overleaf



FASHION-HUNTERS Jane and Fiona (Joy Mitchell) with Nigel (Reg Dell) choose a dress for Jane to wear to an important party. Designer Ambrose (Noel Ferrier) is proud of his latest and elaborate creation, which is shown by a model (Joan Harris).



CAUGHT! P.C. Lancelot Boot (Harry Starling) discovers "Salad Days" principals Jane (Judy Banks) and Tim (John Proper) hiding behind their "magic" piano. He tries to arrest them because the peace-jarring piano has been declared a public nuisance.



BEAUTICIANS (Joy Mitchell, Joan Harris, and Diana Field) have a difficult client, Lady Reyburne (Joy Griswold), who is disrupting the salon by noisily carrying on two simultaneous phone conversations. Pictures by Sam Blakeway.



A FLYING SAUCER and the spaceman Electrode (Harry Starling) help Tim, Uncle Zed (William Jeffries), Jane, and Troppo (Frank Lloyd) search for the elusive piano. It disappeared just a day before Jane and Tim were due to return it to the owner.

Smiley and his gun



SMALL BOYS (above) in "Smiley Gets a Gun" on location. From left they are: Richard Pusey, Keith Calvert ("Smiley"), Michael Cassidy, Bruce Archer, Carl Leedham, and Brian Farley (the bully). At right, Smiley with a gun—in this case an ancient blunderbuss, which he uses in the film. The one he "gets" is a .22 rifle.



Stardom is just an episode; he wants to be a scientist

● Tousle-haired and ten years old, Keith Calvert is the pivot of an exciting world. And it's not the make-believe world of the average small boy. For Keith is a film star and playing the title role in "Smiley Gets a Gun," sequel to "Smiley."

LIKE the first Smiley (Colin Petersen), Keith was chosen from more than 4000 boys in an Australia-wide search. He is taking his new life philosophically.

"I feel I'm myself when I'm home in bed reading my lines. When I'm on the set I feel like Smiley—sometimes."

He has no career ambitions in the film world.

"I want to be a scientist," he says, but adds firmly, "not that outer space stuff, though."

On their eight weeks' filming schedule the company spent some days recently "on location" at the 9000-acre Camden Park Estate at Camden, N.S.W.

Watching the film's progress is like joining a crowd of picnickers with a miscellaneous collection of cameras, arc lights, microphones, schedules, and scripts.

Most of the technicians wear shorts and a suntan; the girls are in slacks and casual shirts.

And their world revolves around Keith and his efforts—as Smiley—to "get a gun."

Supervision

Keith is always surrounded by people—telling him what to do, coaching him in his lines, making him up, fixing his clothes.

There is, for example, Anthony Kimmins, producer-director of the film. He chose Keith from the 4000-odd other aspirants to fame.

Mr. Kimmins is a very tall man with a quiet and confident way of getting things

done. He seems to be the one person on the set for whom Keith has a healthy respect.

One scene, for example, called for Keith to take a shower.

While Mr. Kimmins talked with Margaret Christiansen—who plays Smiley's mother—Keith was absently poking the makeshift "shower" with a long bamboo stick.

Then, "All right, Keith?" asked Mr. Kimmins. Keith snapped to attention. "Yes, sir."

The scene was filmed.

Mr. Kimmins' daughter, 24-year-old Verena, coaches and

generally looks after Keith and the other small boys in the cast.

At home in London, Verena is a stage manager. "You know—in charge of props and prompting—lights—music."

"I began my career when I was 12, dancing in a pantomime. I went into rep for a year and later into stage management."

There was an interruption at this point when somebody called "Quiet, please."

Sydney actor Leonard Teale was starring in the scene with a swarm of bees.

By
DAWN JAMES,
staff reporter

In the story he's supposed to be getting the bees for Dame Sybil Thorndike, who wants them to cure her arthritis.

Mr. Teale was not noticeably enthusiastic about the bees.

He picked up a couple of box-like things with bees buzzing around and carried them gingerly for a few yards.

The cameras stopped and everyone relaxed. But not for long.

The next step took place in silence. A technician held a large microphone in front of the swarm of bees. They buzzed obligingly—for sounds to dub in on the soundtrack.

Then the action spotlight turned to prop man Keith Gow. He had been clambering up on to the Camden Park 200-year-old dovecote, where

he carefully placed a stuffed black crow.

(The company had some difficulty in getting the crow. They had to advertise. "It's surprising," someone said, pensively, "how few people have a stuffed crow.")

While the cameras were placed in position, Keith Gow attached a long piece of string to the crow.

He lay on the ground, tugged at the string, and the crow jiggled realistically.

(In the film, Smiley takes a potshot at the crow with a large and lethal-looking blunderbuss, "borrowed" from his father's smithy.)

Everyone sighed happily when the shot was completed, and they went to lunch.

They ate salads in a large hall—decorated with some ancient, tired-looking streamers—on the property.

And a wriggle of little boys—Smiley's contemporaries in the film—held court.

All aged about ten, and all very self-possessed, they lace their conversation with film slang, and have definite ideas on almost everything.

There was Bruce Archer (Smiley's friend Joey), Brian Farley (the bully), Richard Pusey (Smiley's stand-in), Carl Leedham, and Michael Cassidy, two of the extras.

The boys don't like girls—"They take all your dough." They don't want to be film stars when they grow up. "But if the opposition makes me a good offer, I'll be a film star."

They don't mind wearing make-up. "Oh, gee, well, it washes off." And they like working on the film. "Yeah... oh... yeah."

In one corner of the hall make-up man Ross Hawthorn was plastering Margaret Christiansen's face with gluey-looking pink cleansing cream. "I go from bad to worse," she said.

Margaret was wearing one of the two dresses that

"Smiley's mother" owns. It was a bedraggled mustard garment that had seen better days, and was covered by an aqua apron.

"I have another apron, but it's to keep the pegs in," she said.

When Margaret's make-up was finished, Ross began on Reg Lye (Smiley's father, Pa Greevins).

Mr. Lye had on a pair of dilapidated shorts, a shirt in matching condition, and a flourishing five o'clock shadow.

Then Keith clambered into the chair and sat stoically while he was practically covered from head to foot with pancake make-up.

Make-up finished, the company piled into cars and drove to the new location nearly a mile away.

Last scene

They filmed the shower scene—last on the day's schedule—while Miss Lillian and Miss Edith Hawkey watched from their verandah.

They were born at Camden Park and have lived there since. Their house has temporarily become the film family Greevins'.

"We were extras in one scene," said Miss Lillian Hawkey. "We were going shopping with our baskets."

They watched the shower scene—and so did Keith's mother—from a chair on the sidelines.

The Calvert family lives at Lower Plenty, about 14 miles from Melbourne.

Mrs. Calvert left Victoria for the first time to bring Keith to Sydney to star in the film. Keith's seven-year-old sister Valerie—an extra in a school scene—came along, too.

What's it like to have a film star son?

"It was a terrific surprise," said Mrs. Calvert. "We'll have to wait and see."

Rigors of a star's life



ABOVE: Smiley's film mother, Margaret Christiansen, gives him a shower. Right: Make-up man Ross Hawthorn puts on a bruise—the only make-up Smiley enjoyed.



• Wedding procession with the dancers (foreground), Helene France and Sonny Jose. Centre are Ta Jin (Owen Weingott) and the Mandarin (John Bluthal).

The story of the blue-and-white willow pattern plate has been brought to life in a delightful fantasy, "The Willow Pattern Plate," showing daily at Sydney's Phillip Street Theatre until January 18. Its heroine is the Mandarin's daughter, who loves a poet who is only a gardener. The play's producer is William Orr.



ABOVE: Ta Jin discovers his bride is not the Mandarin's daughter but her lady, Silver Bell (Rhonny Gabriel).

RIGHT: Lovers Koong Se (Maree Austin) and Chang the gardener (John Parker) singing "Let's Pretend."



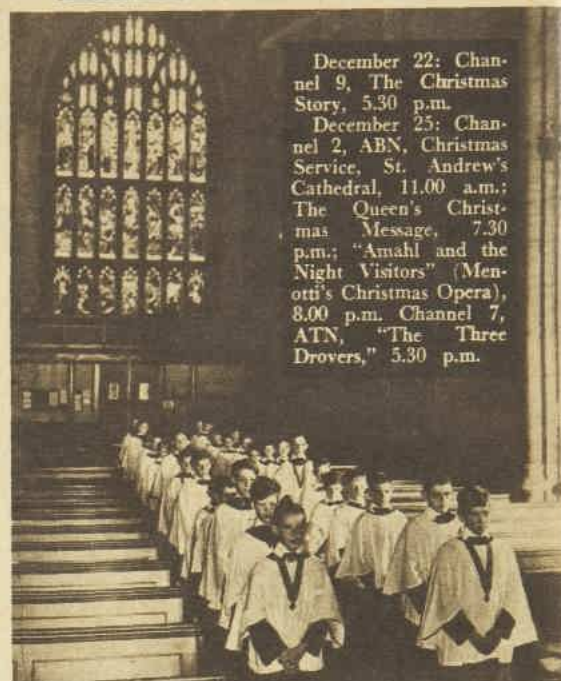
• "May I box my unworthy husband's ear?" asks lady-in-waiting Silver Bell. The husband is Chou Mein (Leon Chau). The book and lyrics are by John McKellar and Jill Lyons. These pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlowe.

TELEVISION PARADE

● Sydney's second TV Christmas is a blend of traditional entertainment, sport, and Christmas editions of most of the regular "episode" shows. TCN, Channel 9, starts Christmas on Sunday, December 22, with what promises to be a delightful show.

CHRISTMAS TV TIMES TO REMEMBER

December 22: Channel 9, The Christmas Story, 5.30 p.m.
December 25: Channel 2, ABN, Christmas Service, St. Andrew's Cathedral, 11.00 a.m.; The Queen's Christmas Message, 7.30 p.m.; "Amahl and the Night Visitors" (Menotti's Christmas Opera), 8.00 p.m. Channel 7, ATN, "The Three Drovers," 5.30 p.m.



CHORISTERS of St. Andrew's Cathedral photographed in the cathedral. The boys will sing a Christmas hymn and two modern carols in a special programme from TCN, Channel 9, on Sunday, December 22, at 5.30 p.m.

ABN, Channel 2, will also film the start of the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race on December 26, and the film will be shown at 9.45 that night.

All channels—9, 2, and 7—have excellent telecast coverage of the Davis Cup on December 26, 27, and 28. (See last week's TV Parade for exact times.)

So, there is Christmas on TV—as I seem to say almost every week lately, something for everyone.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

A HIGH executive of the film industry in Australia had some interesting things to say the other day about the impact of TV on picture audiences in Sydney.

He told me that the effect of TV is noticeable, but it has not reduced picture audiences to the extent that it did in England and America when TV was the same age.

He puts this down to the fact that "Hollywood woke up to itself" about TV some years ago and began making better pictures.

He forecasts less and less "B" class films, more "King and I" type films, which would be ludicrous on a TV screen.

He is of the opinion that old films shown on TV are bad theatre seat-filling propaganda and mentioned as an example a recent screening of "The Petrified Forest" on ATN, Channel 7.

"This film is quoted as a classic," he said. "But it is so old and techniques have altered so much that it was rich comedy—better than the Marx Bros."

"O.S.S." is another of TCN's new show treats scheduled for release before long. The initials stand for "On Strategic Service," and they are all true stories from the files of the U.S. wartime Office of Strategic Services.

They are terrific stories.

The star of the show is Ron Randell. Ron is in every episode, playing an O.S.S. type with a permanently stiff upper lip. His trouble is that his acting is all choreography.

I'm using the word in the new TV fashion—it means the movements made by the hands of TV artists.

Mr. Randell, registering anger, lays his hands on the gentleman's jacket lapels; being tender with the ladies, lays them lightly on the upper arms; passion is shown by a harder grip; being a good fellow, by a slap, still on the upper arm; being grieved but brave is registered by clasping his opposite number strongly just above both wrists.

These shows are rare in that their story quite overshadows the acting, and everyone but Randell is good.

★ ★ ★
MR. NOEL COWARD has recently upset America's TV industry. American stagehands, unaccustomed to morning and afternoon tea, nearly went mad with Noel's demands for tea and then fresh tea during rehearsals. They ended up just pouring the old half-drunk cold dregs together and heating them and they came out of the teapot, milk, sugar and all. Those stagehands were in real trouble then—they had a mad dog and an Englishman in one personality to deal with.

IT is a live show that tells the story of Christmas through the experiences of a father and his sons. Their Christmas excursion starts in the frightening crush of Sydney's Christmas shopping spree and takes them to St. Andrew's Cathedral to see the Christmas tree.

(The tree, 25 feet high, is placed in the Cathedral 10 days before Christmas. People take gifts for the less fortunate children of Sydney in homes and institutions and place them on the beautifully decorated tree for the children to receive.)

Looking at the tree, the father begins to tell his sons the Christmas story, of Christ's birth and the drama which preceded it.

The story is also illustrated by a puppet show.

The Dean of Sydney, the Very Rev. E. A. Pitt, will give a brief Christmas message during the half-hour, and the St. Andrew's Cathedral Choristers will sing.

The boys will sing one of the loveliest of the old Christmas hymns, "Once in Royal David's City," and two modern Christmas carols, "Sing Lullaby," and "Whence is that Goodly Fragrance."

Channel 2, ABN, have packed Christmas Day with special shows (see above), and they have two for mothers.

The first one, at 3.00 on Christmas Eve, will be enjoyed by mothers who have themselves organised and haven't to go out. It's a live show, televised from a spot in George Street.

The show, to be done by Keith Smith and that TV favorite Judy Ann James, should be a riot.

These two brave people are going to talk to mothers and children in town to do last-minute Christmas shopping.

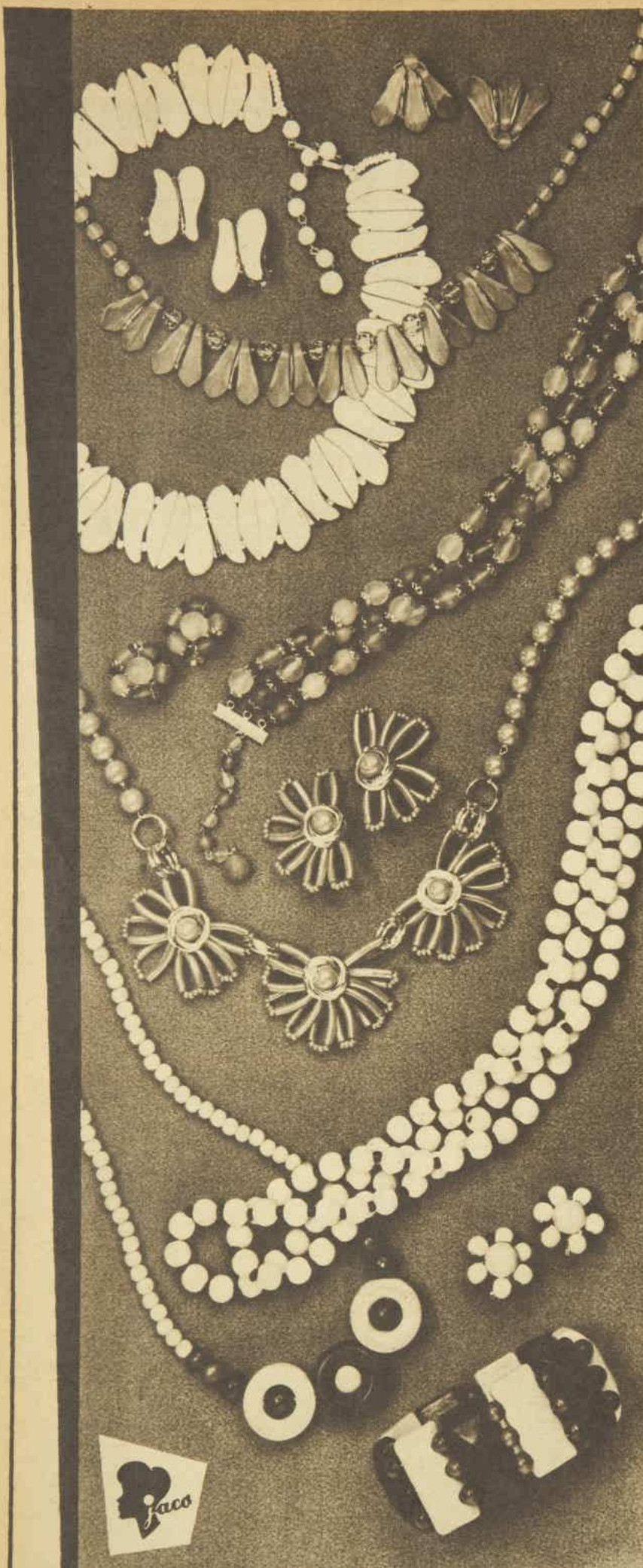
I can just imagine the wonderful scenes in the heat, with the Christmas bush wilting, the children over-tired, and even Santa (who will be there) a bit edgy.

Their mothers' special for Christmas Day should be an unqualified success. It's at 4.00 for half an hour when Jan Mackay presents a special kindergarten programme for the children, the tiny ones, telling them the Christmas story.

She'll use puppets, I hear, and guarantees entertainment that will engross the little ones for half an hour, and give the mothers a chance to put their feet up.

Sporting fans will enjoy many telecasts during the holidays. ABN, Channel 2, will show a special film made recently in South Africa at 9 p.m. on December 23.

The film is an interview and Christmas messages from New South Wales and Victorian members of the Australian XI in South Africa for the Tests.



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FESTOONED with streamers and balloons, Staff Cadet Ty Ball, of Rose Bay, and Benuzzi Dani, of Canberra, dance at the Graduation Ball held in the gaily decorated gymnasium at the military college.



HAPPY YOUNG GUESTS pose with the college skeleton, "Casey"; they are (from left) Gai Read, of Canberra, Staff Cadets Alan Vickers, of Victoria, Jim Robinson, of New Zealand, and Heather Vickers.



WINNER of the Queen's Medal for 1957, Lieut. Duncan Francis, of Victoria, at the ball with Nusch Hess, of Canberra, A.C.T.



AT MIDNIGHT mothers and partners pinned the pips on the uniforms of the newly graduated officers. Here pretty Mary Secombe, of Kenmore, Qld., who wore white tulle sashed with blue velvet, pins the pips on for Lieut. John Dermody, of Coogee.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE *Graduation Day*

ROWS and rows of Army officers, proud relatives, and starry-eyed girls watched the ceremonies on graduation day at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, A.C.T.

Under the hot glare of the afternoon sunshine, with dust rising from the parade ground, the fifty-five members of the 1957 graduating class led the parade.

Chief of the Australian General Staff, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Wells, took the salute, then presented diplomas and prizes.

The Commandant of the College, Major-General J. C. N. Wilton, and his wife entertained two hundred guests at afternoon tea on the shady lawns behind the officers' mess.

And in the evening more than eight hundred young dancers arrived for the graduation ball.



AFTER PARADE Lieut. John Rowe, of Seaforth, talked to pretty Joanne Williamson, of Roseville, and Lieut. Norm Thompson, who graduated last year. Joanne wore a blue linen suit.



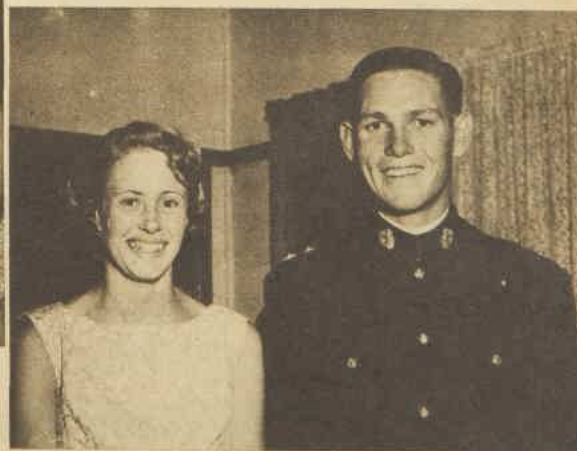
AFTERNOON TEA on the lawns behind the officers' mess for Major-General R. G. Pollard, who is G.O.C. Eastern Command, Mrs. Pollard, and Major-General C. B. Weir, Chief of the New Zealand General Staff.



ENGAGED. Lieut. Peter Tilley, of Maroubra, and Sandra McEwan with Julie Kandy and Lieut. Charles Hepenstall, of Adelaide. Both couples announced their engagement at the ball.



OFFICIAL GUESTS (from left) Major-General J. C. N. Wilton, Lady Wells, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Wells, and Mrs. Wilton at the Graduation Ball, which went on till early morning.



AT RIGHT: Margaret Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Gillespie, of Canberra, with her fiancé, Lieut. John McGuire, who was one of the eight New Zealand graduates this year.

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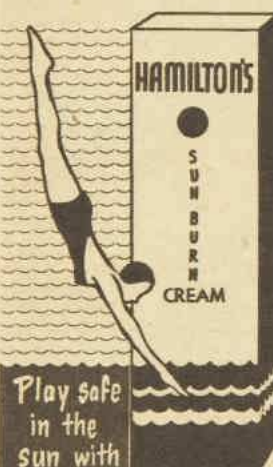
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A busy weekend around the house... lifting, carrying, painting, digging, weeding, pruning! You're almost sure your back will ache and weariness will tie your muscles in knots. When this happens, reach for Sloan's Liniment right away! When you put on Sloan's, you feel the quick relief of "deep heat"—the only kind that gets right down inside to ease pain and irritation. Your home should have a bottle of Sloan's for fast treatment of aches, pains, strains and sore tired muscles... brings comfort and relief quickly... needs no rubbing, leaves no messy, greasy film to stain clothes.

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FATHER



"Edith won't mind if you smoke—as long as you don't exhale."

MOTHER



"The other shoe MUST be somewhere. Have you looked in the fireplace? Up on the roof? In the refrigerator?..."

It seems to me

BESIDES admiring the clothes in our Dior fashion parades in Sydney last week I was interested in the walking technique of the French girls.

There are, of course, fashions in stances as well as in clothes.

The various parades that come from overseas always illustrate the latest trend.

A couple of years ago it was high fashion to round the shoulders, push the hips in at the back and out in front, if you follow me.

This effect sounds like a comfortable sag, but it wasn't. Anyhow, it's out of date, so stop making contortions in front of the mirror.

The new thing is much more difficult. The girls stand straight and then lean back at an angle of 15 degrees from the perpendicular.

This pose is especially effective for the new sack and chemise dresses, but, like the earlier one, it is suited only to tall girls.

For that matter, it is suited only to mannequins. If an ordinary woman tries it, even if she be tall and slim, the likely result is that her husband will ask if she has a stiff neck.

THE mannequins, all top-notchers in their profession, bore out the statement made in a new book, "Fashion Modelling as a Career," by English model Cherry Marshall. She writes:

"The best models in the profession are girls who wear clothes so superbly that the first thing you want to know about them is the name of their dressmaker."

THE dilemma of Lady Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the British Prime Minister, evokes the sympathy of women.

Discussing her forthcoming trip to Australia, she said: "I only wish I knew our programme. Then I could make plans about my wardrobe... Men seem to think you can wear the same outfit whether you are visiting a water-conservation scheme or attending a reception."

Women know this is true. Whether they are married or single, leisured or working, the problem of clothes dominates their travel.

Women journalists feel strongly on the subject. If, for instance, a chief-of-staff sends for a man and says: "You're booked on tomorrow's moon rocket," the man rings up his wife, who digs up a clean shirt and a toothbrush.

A woman, faced with the same assignment, gets a faraway look in her eye. The chief-of-staff, if of a kindly nature, thinks she's speculating on whether she will return alive.

She isn't. She is wondering whether it will be hot or cold on the moon, and, if cold, did she ever mend the hem of her second-best winter suit after it came back from the cleaners? Is the man in the moon likely to give a cocktail party for the visiting press group, and, if so, should she take the old black or risk the new model?

Stoically, she doesn't mention any of this to the chief-of-staff. It is a subject entirely outside his knowledge. She simply stays up all night making up her mind what to pack.

By



Dorothy Dray

SOME people collect stamps and some collect china. I have made a career of never collecting anything—until this week, when I am thinking of buying a showcase to display my collection of bodkins.

It is likely to be surpassed only by that owned by Mrs. Helen Wilson, of Forbes, N.S.W., who started the whole thing by writing a letter to a daily paper mentioning that she hadn't been able to buy one at a shop.

Mrs. Wilson, describing her growing assortment, tells me that three, sent by the general manager of a western firm, were accompanied by a letter describing the reactions of two women who were asked if they knew a bodkin. One, he said, looked vague and the other offended.

In the same mail as his progress report I received two bodkins of a new and advanced style, one from Mrs. J. Miatt, of Coogee, N.S.W., and another from Mrs. A. I. Lymath, of Granville. Both of these bear the same relation to the old-fashioned type as a jet airliner does to a Gypsy Moth.

Later the same day there arrived one made from a sardine key according to the instructions quoted in this column a fortnight ago.

It was wrapped in writing paper bearing the address of a doctor whose name, I suppose, I had better conceal as required by medical etiquette.

Only once before do I remember a subject that aroused an equal correspondence. That was some years ago, and concerned bluebags.

In these days of satellites I find an obscure comfort in this prevalent interest in bodkins and bluebags.

Incidentally, I have sometimes been troubled (though not too much) by my lack of hobbies.

Now I know what I can do—spend my declining years threading elastic with my bodkins.

THE traffic squeals, entangled, jammed.

The crowds spill off the footpath, crammed,

Packed into doorways. Surge across the street—

Tense-faced and shrill of voice, with weary feet.

And somewhere lost, obscured, afar, Almost forgotten, shines the Star.

A million trinkets glitter. Round and round

Spin jingling bells and carols till the sound Merges in clamor, shrieking, agonised.

The Three Wise Men, indeed, would be surprised.

Yet dimmed, but not obscured, from far away

Beckons the blessed peace of Christmas Day.



I am Indian Tea... my output is the largest in the world

India produces nearly 660 million lbs. of tea every year and meets more than 50 per cent of the world demand (excluding U.S.S.R., China, Japan and Formosa) estimated at 1300 million lbs. Why is Indian Tea so popular in so many parts of the world? Because...

No tea by itself can give you all these enviable qualities—colour, flavour, strength, aroma. These come into existence in a cup of good tea as a result of scientific blending of various types of tea grown at varying altitudes and soil, and under different climatic conditions in which rainfall is an important factor. In India, all these conditions exist and, therefore, she is able to offer a very wide range of teas to meet the requirements of consumers in any part of the world.



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भारतीय चाय बिजनेस का प्रतीक



PSTF. 14

Men go for Mustard!

Your menfolk will love flavoury, savoury Keen's Mustard.



...but it must be

Keen's

Where else but in a Saroyan story would you find the three leading characters being introduced to one another in a tree? . . . a mad gay romance of Hollywood

The Actress and the Cop

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

THERE was a large tree at Peg and Willie Kidling's cocktail party with a small girl in it. She was riding a high branch, like a horse. When she got out on to one of the smaller branches her mother went over to the tree.

"All right, Nicole. You've been up there long enough. Come on down now, and be very careful."

"No," the girl said. "I'm mad."

I reached the party at half-past six. I wanted to greet Peg, anyway, so I went over to the trees, and she said, "How good to see you, Gunnar. Will you coax Nick out of the tree, please? I'm afraid she's going to fall."

Peg went off to greet some new arrivals, and I looked up. Nicole Kidling was looking straight at me.

"Who are you?"

"Gunnar Reykjavik."

"What do you want?"

"Your mother asked me to get you out of the tree."

"Come and get me, then."

I put my drink on the flagstone of the terrace and began to climb the tree.

"I know," Nicole said. "You're going to climb one or two branches and stop. You're afraid to climb all the way up."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You're afraid you'll fall."

"No." This tree is perfectly safe. It's very strong."

"It's over a hundred years old. My old mother told me. She's over a hundred years old, too. My old father's over two hundred years old."

I got up on to the second lowest branch and stood there.

Willie Kidling came over and began to laugh, and then half the people at the party came over, too.

"Be careful, will you, Gunnar?"

"Hand me my drink, Willie."

The ice-cold Scotch made me feel good, but I knew a lot of people were thinking: "He must be crazy, whoever he is." I hadn't kept up with Willie and Peg's friends. I knew almost nobody at the party, certainly nobody in the crowd at the edge of the terrace. I handed the glass back to Willie.

"Take the people away, will you?"

Willie laughed again, and after a moment he took the people back to where the party was. I climbed up on to another branch and watched the party from there.

Everybody seemed happy except Peg. She kept trying to speak to her friends and at the same time to keep an eye on her daughter, a very plain little girl, nothing at all like her pretty mother. Peg was really worried about Nicole. I was a little worried myself, but I knew I'd have to go all the way up before she'd be willing to come down.

Peg came over quickly and said, "Be awfully careful, will you please, Gunnar? I didn't expect you to climb the tree, too."

"I didn't expect to, either."

"Della says if you don't come down she's going to climb up."

"Who's Della?"

"Leonora Roma. But, of course, her real name is Della. It would be just too much if she started climbing the tree, too."

"Where is she?"

"All that purple over there."

I saw Della, and, as luck would have it, she saw me and waved.

Peg hurried back to Della—to stop her from coming to the tree, most likely.

"Is Della coming up, too?" Nicole said.

"Do you know her?"

"Sure. Don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Don't you know everybody?"

"Not by a long shot."

"My mother does. She said so herself."

Is Della coming up, too?"

Della came running over to the tree, with Peg chasing her.

"Oh, no, Della, please! You can't! You simply mustn't!"

"But I want to."

"No, please!" Peg took Della's arm, while half a dozen men came along to watch and laugh as they sipped their drinks.

"I love climbing trees," Della said.

"But you've seen this tree dozens of times and you've never before wanted to climb it."

"But I never saw Nick in it before. And that other lunatic up there. Who's he?"

"Gunnar Reykjavik," Peg said. "Leonora Roma."

"How do you do, Miss Roma?"

"Miss Roma, my foot! My name is Della Harrigan. I'm from Arkansas, not Rome. And here I come!"

"Oh, no, please!" Peg said.

Della kicked off her high-heeled shoes. She grasped the lowest branch and planted her feet on the trunk of the tree. Then she swung up on to the lowest branch and stood there.

"How long have you been in America, Mr. Reykjavik?"

"I was born in San Francisco."

"And you, Nick. How long have you?"

"All my life," Nicole said. "You coming up, too?"

"I sure am."

"No, you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"Why?"

"Because you're up there," Della said. She glanced down at the men looking up, and then she said, "And because I can't stand all those fat husbands down there. . . . Are you a husband, Mr. Reykjavik?"

"I was."

"How long have you been divorced?"

"Two years."

She swung up on to the second lowest branch. "What do you do?"

"Make a fool of myself most of the time."

"I know you do that. What work do you do?"

"If you climbed this tree to meet somebody important, Miss Roma—"

"Della Harrigan."

"—you've made a mistake."

"I don't care if I have, Mr. Reykjavik. That's that city in Greenland, isn't it?"

"Iceland."

"Yes. I knew it was one of those places. I can't imagine why that silly publicity department gave me an Italian name. I'm an American, pure and simple."

The small audience of husbands burst into laughter.

"Pure?" Della said. "Is that what you're laughing at, you brutes? Well, I am pure, and I'll thank you to go join your unhappy wives and let a girl from Little Rock try to meet a boy from San Francisco."

She turned her handsome back to them quickly and almost slipped.

"You be very careful, Della," Nicole said.

"If you fall, I'll really get the devil."

"Don't you worry about me, honey. I don't fall—anywhere. Falling hurts my career. . . . I'm a movie star, Mr. Reykjavik."

"Everybody knows that," Nicole said.

"He doesn't."

"Yes, I do."

"Then why don't you make a fuss over me, the way everybody else in America does? Fans, photographers, newspapermen, and all those husbands down there on their way back to their wives at last. If you know I'm a movie star, why don't you fall at my feet?"

"How can he, in a tree?" Nicole said.

"I don't fall, either. Not any more, at any rate."

"Were you terribly unhappy when you were married?"

"I was in love."

"Oh, that's the worst unhappiness of all."

"I know, and never again."

"Really?"

"Two years of marriage, two years of torching—that's enough for me. Tree, terrace, town, or country, I'm not falling any more."

I swung up on to the second-highest branch and sat there, with Nicole a few feet away on a smaller branch.

"I never thought you'd climb all the way up."

"Well, here I am, and let me have a look at you."

"Why?"

"I like you."

"You do not."

"Yes, I do."

"You're just saying that. I'm not pretty. I know I'm not. And I don't want to be, ever. My mother's pretty. Her friends are pretty. Their little girls are pretty. Do you have a little girl?"

"No."

"A little boy?"

"No."

"How come?"

"Yes," Della said. "You were married two years. How come?"

"It's a long story."

"Did you want a little girl?" the movie star said. She got up on to the next branch and stood there.

"I did."

"All right. I've told you what I do, so now you tell me what you do."

"Tell me, too," Nicole said. "Are you a producer, like my father, or a director, or a writer, or an actor, or what?"

"Yes. Or what?" Della said.

"Hang on tight, now—both of you."

They both hung on, and I told them: "I'm a cop."

"Oh, no!" Della said.

"Oh, yes!" Nicole said. "He is a cop. F.B.I."

"No. Motor-cycle."

"I don't believe you," Della said. "You don't look like a cop and you don't talk like one."

"You can climb down now, Miss Roma. I told you I'm nobody."

"I can climb up, too, but I'm going to stay right where I am for a minute. If you're a cop, what are you doing at this party?"

"I came here from San Francisco twelve years ago to be best man at Willie's wedding. I've been here ever since. Every once in a while Peg and Willie invite me to one of their parties. I haven't been to one in four or five years, but I thought I'd come to this one."

"Why?"

"I hadn't seen their kids in a long time and I thought I'd like to see them again. When they were little I used to know them quite well."

"You did?" Nicole said. "Did you know me when I was little?"

"Yes, I did."

"How come?"

Nicole looked on laughingly while Gunnar said, "You can climb down now, Miss Roma."

"Well, your father was just getting started in those days, and whenever he wanted to take your mother to dinner with a lot of big movie people he used to ask me to come over and baby-sit. I always said to myself, 'This girl is a natural-born tree-climber.'"

"Bet your life I am," Nicole said. "What does a motor-cycle cop do—chase robbers?"

"Sometimes."

"Money robbers?"

"Sometimes."

"I think chasing robbers is the best work in the world. Not like being a silly old movie producer. Will you take me some time?"

"Not when I'm chasing robbers, but I'll take you for a ride some time."

"How about me?" Della said.

"Sure, if you want to go."

"When?" Nicole said. "When will you take us? Both of us? Will you take us now? Right now?"

"I didn't come to this party on a motor-cycle."

"Why not?" Della said.

"Nobody goes to a party on a motor-cycle any more."

"Well, how did you come?"

"I walked."

"How far?"

"Oh, about six miles, I guess."

"Can you go get your motor-cycle and take us for a ride?" Nicole said.

"It'll take me more than an hour to walk home and ride back."

"No," Della said. "I'll drive you there, and we'll all ride back together."

"Will you, Della, really?" Nicole said.

"Of course, I will."

"Well, what are we waiting for, then?" Nicole said.

There were at least a hundred people at the party now. They were all so busy drinking and talking they didn't notice us climbing down, except Peg, who began to move through the people on her way to the tree.

"Don't let her punish me, will you, Della?" Nicole whispered.

"Your mamma's not going to punish you," Della said.

"That's what you think. Wait and see."

Peg was waiting for Nicole. She took her by the shoulders, looked at her a long time, and then said, "Oh, what's the use? All right, Nick, join the party. A lot of people want to meet my daughter. . . . And thank

To page 33





Jones sat cautiously in the bath before starting the long job of getting himself clean.

WE always put the newspaper to bed early on Christmas Eve, and I was taking the short way home along the railroad tracks, enjoying the cold air and the peculiar smell of steel and oil, knowing Betty would give me a scolding for messing up my best shoes.

I'd nearly reached the point where I turn off the tracks and walk the last six blocks home when I saw a man on the leeward side of the stacked cross-ties.

He looked to be about thirty-three or so, but I couldn't be sure because of the short black beard, and he sat there leaning back against the wet oak ties, resting on his heels and fishing into a can of Vienna sausage. His fingers were long and dirty. He'd fish out a sausage, suck the cold jelly off it, take one or two bites, and then swallow the rest.

His clothes were old and threadbare, an indescribable tangle of filth; all of a rusty black except the hat, which must at one time have been grey. He held his chin high. The little finger of his right hand was missing. I had the feeling that if it had been there it would have been extended rather daintily.

"How are you?" I said stupidly, stopping without meaning to.

He wiped his mouth on the sleeve of the dirty wool jacket and gazed at me thoughtfully. His eyes were a gas-flame blue, extremely clean and calm in the dirty excitement of the face, beard wagging as he chewed, eyebrows pulled up almost under his hat. "Why, I'm just dandy," he said with no apparent sarcasm.

"Awful weather," I said, not really meaning it, because I like it cold around Christmas.

He looked at the sky deliberately, as if to humor me. "I've seen worse," he said. Then conversationally and without self-consciousness he added, "Won't you have a bite?"

I knew then I was going to ask him to come home with me; that I couldn't let him sit out there in the rain sucking the jelly off those sausages on Christmas Eve. I didn't altogether want to ask him, but there was simply no other way.

I told him I wasn't hungry and, trying to match his casual tone, asked him if he always spent this time of year alone.

He seemed to think about this for a time, still eating. Finally he said: "No, I used to have a home, a fancy tree, the works." He smiled and the teeth were amazingly bad.

"I remember one Christmas Dad gave me a watch. It had a black face and pale green numbers you could read in the dark. Gold sweep hand no bigger'n a hair. Yes, sir. Prettiest

A short story complete on this page

J. Jones - guest

By ELLIOTT CHAZE

watch you ever laid eyes on, it was. Rubies inside — real ones — for bearings. The dial — I mean the rim around the dial — was pink gold." He laughed and slapped his knee. "Yes, sir, it was waterproof, dustproof, shockproof, and it had an alligator strap."

It seemed to me that his voice was vibrating with the phony enthusiasm of the professional liar. A newspaper reporter listens for things like that. Well, it was a Christmas story, anyway, and that showed taste, a feeling for the season.

As the man and I walked up the front steps, we looked through the window and saw Betty and the children bunched around the fake grey log that serves as our heater in that room. I walked on in without knocking and blurted out that my guest was spending the night with us, and Christmas, too, if he would.

"Why that's wonderful," said Betty, who is from Georgia, where they can make you feel as if you're doing them a favor to sleep in their best bed and eat them out of house and home.

"Thank you ma'am," said our guest in a suddenly Southern accent. "Thank you kindly."

"Gee, a real honest-to-God tramp," said our eight-year-old son, Kim.

"Shut up," I said.

"Our friend travelled a long way to be with us," said Betty, smiling at the visitor.

Mary, who is ten, and who with customary shyness remained at the fire watching us out of the sides of her eyes, now said, "Gollie!" For her that was wanton excitement.

"I didn't get your name, sir," Betty smiled again.

He straightened, holding the old hat against his chest as if someone were playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

"My name is Jesus Jones."

"What a pretty name," said Betty, not batting an eyelid.

I could hear him whuffing and splashing in the bathroom. The steam came out from under the door in a thin sheet. Somehow I enjoyed the soapy-sounding sloshing in there. It was as if I myself were dirty and getting clean after long, filthy months on the open road, scrubbing train smoke and dirt and sausage grease from stained pores.

The tree blazed in the dining-room, its brand-new lights full of mysterious moving bubbles, and Betty had said simply and without a smile, "Timothy, I love you."

How would he look without the layers of grime? How would he feel? I imagined countless Christmases spent in various missions, the grey, dreary handouts, tasteless stews, and mechanical religion.

He told me as I sorted out a razor and clean clothes for him, "They make you pray before they feed you, some of them. The Christmas service is before the eats. They play it smart. No pray no eat. But it gets to be a habit."

I'm not a really good practising Christian myself. If I hit church once a month I'm batting a thousand. But tonight I felt I was closer to whatever it is Christians seek than I'd ever been before or would ever be again.

Not only the rather corny do-gooding, but also the strange dignity of Jesus Jones contributed to this. He was not obsequious. Nor did he seem totally without appreciation. I hoped it was his real name and not a blasphemous joke. I hoped earnestly he was what he seemed, that he wasn't laughing behind the somehow familiar black beard.

The bathroom door opened in a cloud of steam. "How'm I doing?" The beard was gone along with the dirt. My white shirt and grey slacks were a reasonable fit. A rather long lip covered the bad teeth; and the hair, darker than the beard had been, and very long, was brushed smooth, the side-burns thick and outcurving

in the Hollywood manner. He wore my old canvas shoes with the heavy cork-and-rubber soles, and he stood in an exaggerated slouch, one hip cocked out.

"You look like Marlon Brando," I said, a bit uneasy that the bath and shave had done so much so abruptly for him.

He pulled no outstanding boners at dinner. Betty and the kids treated him as if he were a globe-trotting caliph.

Kim especially listened raptly as Jones talked easily of the French quarter in New Orleans, the blind polar bear in the zoo at Denver.

After supper he turned his chair so he could look at the Christmas tree and the presents piled beneath it. His face expressionless, he stared at the tree the better part of fifteen minutes. Once he shook his head.

Later we got Bing Crosby singing "Silent Night" on the radio, and there was a lot of other fine, nostalgic music. It really began raining, the wind pushing it across the roof in slashing sheets so it sounded like sandpaper up there. The raw weather outside made us feel all the snuggler inside. Then Crosby came on again with another of his mellowing, reverent carols—I don't remember the name of it—and Jesus Jones jumped to his feet and said rudely, "I better hit the sack."

Betty didn't ask any silly questions. She led him to the guest-room and then sent the children to bed. When all of them were tucked away we picked around among my presents until we had a pretty good stack of them and put new cards on them. We wanted it to be a one hundred per cent. Christmas for Jones.

Then Betty had another idea. She changed the cards on one of Kim's presents and one on Mary's, and signed each: From your friend Jesus Jones.

When we awoke Christmas morning, the guest-room, with its fresh

peach walls and the mahogany-colored four-poster bed, was empty. My slacks and the shirt and underwear were folded neatly at the foot of the bed. The bed was made. The canvas shoes were under it, the ribbed wool socks were folded on top of them.

A whooshing rain, cold and grey, beat on the windows beyond the yellow starched curtains of the room. On the gate-leg table in the living-room we found a pencilled note, weighted under a small, lumpy wrapped package in greasy brown paper. The note read:

"I am not a good man. I seem many bad things and done some, too, and all of you are fools to take somebody into your place and not know if he will cut your throat and steel you blime while you sleep. I'm leaving the night latch on the door pushed on so I can't change my mind and come back hear in the dark. I do bad things in the dark."

"I don't want to do anythings to you because your good even if you are stoopid, espeshilly the lady, who anybody can look at and know she is fine. Got to hurry fast now. Gettin' out is my present to all of you, and you will never know how much it is a big one and hard for me to give. I leave a little extra thing for your little boy, who is bright enough to know a tramp when he sees one. Goodby, an' wake up and be smart."

"P.S.: My real name is not what I told you, which was something I said because I was feeling jealous and mean."

Betty opened the crude package for Kim, her eyes wet.

It contained a watch with a pink metal rim around the dial, and pale green numerals of the kind you can read in the dark. The crystal, hands, and strap were gone, but you could hear the tick, quite steadily, when you held it to your ear.

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ILLUSTRATED BY TED BARNES

GEORGE," said George's wife, "do you think we should take the Harrisons off our Christmas-card list this year?"

George Leacock grunted pleasantly and, using the one-eighth of his mind that was not occupied with the evening paper, asked who were the Harrisons.

Joan said, "You know—the people we met on board ship." "That was five years ago," said George, invoking the statute of limitations.

"I know, but we're still exchanging cards."

"Why?" said George.

"Well, you have to," said his wife. "I mean, if people send you cards, you have to send cards to them."

"Why?" said George, and vanished back into the day's news.

There was a silence. Then Joan said, "George," and the monosyllable was quite exquisitely edged with frost.

"Yes, dear?" said George alertly, feeling the draught.

"I do think you might be more co-operative," Joan told him. "I have to buy the Christmas cards, and I don't know how many to get."

"Couple of dozen, I should think."

Joan put down her fountain pen, turned away from the desk, and looked at her husband long and hard. He sensed dimly that he had said the wrong thing and amiably revised his estimate. "Three dozen?"

"Oh, really!" said Joan. "You know very well we need at least a hundred. George, dear, don't just sit there and stare."

He continued to stare. "We can't possibly send out a hundred cards," he informed her in tones of outrage. "We don't even know a hundred people." He then put down his newspaper portentously, rose, and stalked to the desk. "It's ridiculous," he said, and held out his hand. "Here, let me see your list."

She handed it to him silently, a small book that said, "Gifts & Cards" neatly on the outside and bristled within like a pin cushion, full of names and addresses, written down, written over, and generally hen-tracked.

"There!" said George triumphantly. "You can't read your own handwriting, and you've counted everybody twice."

"I can read it," said Joan.

"Well, then, there are just too many people listed. No wonder Christmas always exhausts you. You wear yourself out with this kind of nonsense, and then—"

"Christmas does not exhaust me," she said. "And, anyway, what do you want me to do? Send the cards out on the Fourth of July?"

"We don't have to send so many," said George. "It's pure commercialism. Christmas is the season of peace and good will, a time to remember a few old friends you don't see often but care about. Personally, I can't even remember what the Harrisons looked like."

"They were both very tall and thin," said Joan, "and they kept rushing around the deck and playing shuffleboard."

George groaned. "I remember. Couldn't abide 'em." Cheered by their obvious expendability, he brightened. "It goes to prove what I said—the whole thing's ridiculous. I'd sooner send a Christmas card to our newsboy."

"We do," said Joan.

"Do what?"

"Send a card to our newsboy," said Joan gently, educating him. "Well, we don't send it, exactly. We give it to him when he brings the paper on Christmas Day. With a dollar in it."

"That's a tip," said George vigorously. "You see how commercial the whole thing is?"

"It's not a tip; it's a gift," said Joan with some exasperation. "And it's not in the least commercial. I always try to get him a card with a cocker spaniel on it, because he's got a cocker spaniel. Last year," she observed, "it was practically impossible because all the cards were French poodles."

"Look," said George with eloquent calm, and pulled up a chair. "Look, dear, I'm not surprised you get worked up over this every year, but—"

"I don't get worked up, George. I only asked you if you thought the Harrisons should stay on the list."

He ignored her and remained soothing. "The thing to do is just sit here quietly, the two of us, and cut this list right down to rock bottom. You have enough to do at Christmas-time without buying cards, addressing them, mailing them—"

"Licking the envelopes," said Joan helpfully.

Greetings to all

"No wonder Christmas always exhausts you," George told Joan. "You have too many cards to send."

"Licking the envelopes," said George, "and so forth. You have enough to do without all that. Now, there are perhaps three dozen people at the most we want to send cards to, and the Harrisons aren't any of them."

"I think we should leave them on the list," said Joan, deciding suddenly. "It might hurt their feelings not to hear from us. We don't want to hurt their feelings at Christmas-time, do we?"

"When else can we hurt their feelings?" said George reasonably. "We don't have any contact with them the rest of the year. No, dear, I'm going to take them off the list. Under H."

"They aren't under H; they're under I. We know a lot of Hs and only two Is, so I used most of the I space for the Hs." She shook her head. "George, I think we ought to leave them on the list. They'll decide we're angry with them."

"How can we possibly be angry with someone we never see?"

"That's just it," said Joan tender-heartedly. "If we saw them we could explain, but this way they'll brood."

"Suffering catfish!" said George, and, finding the Harrisons, as advertised, under I, he crossed them off with one explosive stroke. He then settled back and began to riffle through the pages of the list like a tiger leafing thoughtfully through the underbrush.

"George—" said Joan.

But George had pounced. "Butler!" he exclaimed. "Butler, Margaret and James! Now, there's a perfect example of the—the fallacy of the whole thing."

"I don't see why."

"Because we see Peggy and Jim at least twice a week, all year round, that's why. They'll drop in on Christmas Eve like they always do. Why send them a card? Why can't we just say 'Merry Christmas' when we see them and leave it at that?"

"Oh, George!"

"What do you mean, 'Oh, George'? That's no answer."

"It is, too," said Joan. "I go to a great deal of trouble every year to find an especially nice card for Peggy and Jim, and they always put it on their mantelpiece. I got a lovely one last year, and they stood it right in front of the clock." She then added firmly, "And we put their card to us on the bookcase; you know that perfectly well. Peggy always looks to see if it's there."

George gave an insufficiently guarded snort.

Joan frowned. "Peggy doesn't look in an obvious sort of way, but I can tell." She then added carefully, "George, if there's something about Peggy and Jim that you don't like, I wish you'd be perfectly frank and tell me what it is so we can talk it over. Peggy's my oldest friend, and I wouldn't want to feel that you feel—"

"I never said—" said George.

"Well, you implied it," said Joan, "and I do think it's better in a thing like this to be absolutely open and above-board, because—"

"Look," said George very quickly, "we'll leave the Butlers on the list." And he plunged in several pages beyond the Bs, where he felt on firmer ground. "'Mr. and Mrs. T. Grady.' Who in thunder are Mr. and Mrs. T. Grady? What's the 'T' for?"

"Thomas, Terence, Theodore—I don't really know, dear. He was the carpenter who put our bookshelves in for us. Mrs. Grady's his wife. Naturally."

"Oh, naturally," said George dryly. "Joan, would it be

To page 31

A LIGHT-HEARTED CHRISTMAS STORY BY B. J. CHUTE



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and imparts that feeling
of charming freshness
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Final instalment of our exciting serial

By **JOHN
ROWAN WILSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

"Yes, indeed," he said. And then, to Fellows: "This isn't a hospital, you know, Doctor."

"I know, sir. But Mr. Tilling was anxious to stay here for the present."

"That I was," broke in Tilling fervently. "Some can get their heads knocked off if they like. I'm too old for that sort of thing. Do you know, sir?"—he wagged his double chins portentously at the captain—"what those men threatened? They threatened to 'fix' me."

"Yes, so I heard. Deplorable! Deplorable!" Slade turned to Ackerman. "What happened up here?"

Ackerman explained. It appeared that the seamen besieging Tilling's cabin, having failed to break down the door, had lost interest and moved off elsewhere in search of more accessible prey. Tilling had taken the opportunity to try to escape. Unfortunately, he had been noticed tiptoeing down the alleyway, and the greasers, enraged at the sight of him slipping through their fingers, had pursued him up into the passenger accommodation.

Tilling had made for the purser's office, seeking sanctuary. There had been a confused melee in the deck-square. The passengers had melted away; Ackerman had slammed down the shutters of the office and tried hopelessly to get Tilling into the office and keep the greasers out. But the greasers were too close behind. They had invaded the office and a fight had developed between them and Bodkin and Ackerman. Fellows, attracted by the noise, had joined in later.

Ackerman was not clear how long the fight had lasted. It had seemed a long time to him, but was probably no more than five minutes. They were outnumbered and things were going badly for them when the greasers suddenly abandoned the field, alarmed by a rumor that the third officer's force had succeeded in capturing the main staircase and cutting them off from their main body. As soon as the greasers had gone, Bodkin had gone down to join Washbrook, while the rest of them had locked themselves in the office.

When Ackerman had finished Slade went to the telephone and rang the engine-room. He heard the chief engineer's voice on the other end of the line.

"Who's that?"

"The captain. How are things down there, Chief?"

"Not so bad, considering. We're a good few men short, but we can manage."

"No violence?"

"No, sir." The voice was brisk and emphatic. "I've got four good men posted on the door with spanners, and if any of those silly so-and-so's try to push their way in here, Heaven help him. There's a hundred thousand pounds worth of machinery down here to look after—"

"Good. So you can get her going normally?"

"Aye. If that's what you want."

"I do want it. I've told Hume to take her out on time. If you want to get in touch with me, ring the purser's office."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Slade put down the telephone and turned to Ackerman. "Now, Ackerman, I want you to come along with me. I'm going to find the third officer."

Ackerman unlocked the door. The deck-square was still empty and everything was strangely quiet. The noise from below seemed to have ceased. Together, without speaking, they went down the staircase to the crew quarters. They walked forward through the shattered and deserted mess-decks.

Eventually they found Washbrook and his party. The fighting seemed to have subsided for a moment, and Washbrook was holding a conference in the bakery. He was sitting on a table swinging a rubber truncheon, surrounded by a collection of picked men from the deck, similarly armed. When Slade arrived he slid off the table and saluted rather flamboyantly.

Slade gave a perfunctory acknowledgment. "What's the position?" he asked.

"A bit sticky at the moment, sir." Washbrook was a big, thick-set boy from Newcastle. He was flushed with excitement and obviously enjoying himself hugely.

"We had a good scrap with them on the mess-decks. Eventually they began to get tired of it and moved forward into these alleyways, where it was more difficult to follow them, being narrower. Still, we kept on until we came to a point

OUTSIDE the cabin they separated. Hume went up to the bridge, David went down forward to the galley. Slade, left alone, decided to make first for the purser's office; instinct told him that, as the nearest officers' stronghold to the crew quarters, it was likely to be a key point. He walked briskly, but without obvious haste, nodding every now and then to passengers whose faces he remembered. It was impossible to tell from his manner that anything unusual had happened.

His coolness was only partly assumed. He was by nature a shallow man emotionally, and had always found it hard to comprehend the extremities of excitement which he observed in others. His outburst of anger against Hume in the cabin had been an occasion almost unique in his experience.

He had been astonished by himself, and proud also, as if at the discovery of a talent which he had never previously thought he possessed. He went over the scene in his mind again and again, savoring it. He almost laughed aloud at his memory of the dumbfounded expression on Hume's face.

The long-term consequences of the scene he did not consider. He was intoxicated with the present. Life had become suddenly vivid and exciting. It was as if he had awakened from a dream. He had swallowed comfort and idleness like a drug, which diffused through his brain and robbed him of all feeling. With a man of more energetic temperament it might not have mattered so much. With him it had come close to being fatal.

The deck-square outside the purser's office was deserted, the office itself closed, with shutters down. From downstairs came the sound of brawling; excited shouts, with an occasional thud, and the voice of Washbrook, the third mate, shouting orders. At first Slade thought the office had been abandoned, but then he heard a shuffling noise, as if somebody were moving about inside. He tried the door, but it was locked. The sound of movement stopped. A voice from within said, "Who is it?"

"The captain."

He heard the bolts being drawn and the door of the office was opened, just by a chink at first, until Ackerman had assured himself of Slade's identity. After he had entered, the door was closed behind him and bolted again. He was about to ask if there was any need for such elaborate precautions when he looked around and saw the reason for them. The office looked as if it had been through a typhoon—worse, for it was equipped to cope with typhoons, but not for the sort of treatment it had had today.

Desks had been overturned, chairs broken, papers scattered; ink was lying in pools on the floor. Sitting on one of the few remaining chairs was Tilling, the chief steward. His shoulders were draped in a white sheet, and for one wild moment Slade thought that he was having a haircut. But then the man standing beside him with the scissors turned round. It was Fellows.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said. His pink-and-white complexion was slightly marred by a large bruise over his right cheekbone. "I'm just putting a stitch or two in Mr. Tilling's scalp."

Mr. Tilling, a corpulent, pasty old gentleman with protuberant, blinking eyes, nodded apprehensively. "A nasty gash," he said.

The remark constituted a sort of invitation. Slade looked at it.

THE ROUND VOYAGE

just past here, and there they held us up. It's a very awkward position. I just stopped for a moment to try to figure out how to get round it."

"What's the difficulty?"

"If you remember, sir, just beyond here there's a bulkhead which juts out and gives the effect of a sort of S-bend in the alleyway. Just beyond there there's a section which is mainly storerooms. They've blocked the alleyway about thirty feet beyond the bend with crates and barrels. I gather they've blocked it further on, too—that's where Mr. Bateman got held up, coming at them from the other end. So they're barricaded in. The storerooms are full of all sorts of stuff. As you go around the bend they stand behind the barriers and throw things at you—tins and bottles, jars of fruit, and so on. It's difficult to handle, because only one person can go round at a time."

Slade made an impatient gesture. "This is idiotic. They can't stay there for ever. They'll have to come out in due course."

"That's what I've told them. But they won't take any notice."

Slade thought for a moment. Then he said, "I'd better speak to them myself."

He was conscious of the men watching him, curious to know how he would deal with the situation. He could understand that to them this was a dramatic moment and hoped he would be able to play it to their satisfaction. Perhaps, for once, his natural manner might be suitable to the occasion, his very coldness more impressive than the grandest of gestures. He had never been worried very much by physical fear; indeed, that had always been one of his gravest weaknesses, the inability to appreciate the reality of danger until it was too late.

He moved towards the bend in the alleyway. Washbrook said:

"Shall I shout and tell them you're here, sir?"

He thought for a moment and then said, "Yes." It would be stupid to go unannounced and be stunned by a tin of preserves before he had time to speak.

Washbrook went forward and shouted, from a position of cover behind the bulkhead, "Hold your fire! The captain wants to speak to you."

There was a volley of abuse. Two bottles of fruit exploded against the bulkhead.

"You see how it is, sir," said Washbrook apologetically. He shouted again, "Did you hear what I said? The captain's here."

"Then tell him to go to hell."

Slade motioned to Washbrook to be silent. Then he spoke himself.

"Put those bottles down and act sensibly. I'm coming through to talk to you."

"Stay where you are or you'll get hurt!" replied the voice.

"Don't be silly," said Slade impatiently, and walked round the bend in the corridor.

About ten paces in front of him was the barricade, an amateurishly constructed affair of barrels and beer crates. Peering over the top of it were several villainous and plethoric faces. More exposed than the rest was a crop-headed man with a recently broken nose. He wore a bloodstained singlet and was holding

a broken bottle in his right hand, ready to throw.

"Don't come any nearer!" he said, brandishing the bottle.

Slade made no attempt to advance. He simply said, "Are you the leader of this group?"

The man hesitated. He had missed the opportunity to throw his bottle; on the other hand, he was not adequately prepared for negotiation. Eventually he replied, with uncertain aggression, "What if I am?"

"Then I suggest you stop acting the fool and come out of there. You know that you're going to have to do that sooner or later."

A voice from behind said, "What about our grievances?"

"I don't know anything about your grievances," said Slade, "and I certainly don't propose to discuss them now. If you've any complaints to make you can make them tomorrow, in a proper manner."

The same voice said, "We won't come out until you do something about our grievances."

"There isn't a captain in the mercantile marine who'd discuss grievances with a man with a broken bottle in his hand," replied Slade. "Your only chance of getting a hearing is to come out of there immediately."

The leader spoke again, "And let you hand us over to the Egyptian police, I suppose?"

For the second time that day Slade lost his temper. "There are no Egyptian police aboard this ship," he said angrily.

"We were told—"

"I don't give a damn what you were told. This is my ship, and if there's any trouble here I'll handle it. There are no police."

A wave of indecision passed over the rioters. They had sobered up during the fight, and many of them had been uneasily conscious for some time that they would have to capitulate.

The fear of being sent ashore into an Egyptian gaol was one of the main factors which had held them together. If that were removed, only a few diehards would be prepared to continue resisting. But they were still not completely convinced.

"How do we know you're telling the truth?" said the leader.

Slade did not reply immediately. The greasers watched him, still suspicious. He tried to think of the right thing to say. He should, he felt, have been angry with them for this final insult, but he was not. Why, after all, should they trust the word of a stranger?

Then, suddenly, the problem was solved. More convincingly than any words of his could ever have been, the ship itself spoke. With a little shudder, followed by a low vibration increasing gradually in intensity, the engines announced that the Capricorn was about to put to sea. The leader of the rioters slowly lowered his right arm and dropped his bottle on the deck. The others began to shift some of the crates that made up the barricade. The riot was over.

The captain turned round without a word and walked away down the corridor. His face was still expressionless; he might have been returning from a routine inspection. Nobody

Before Julia could call out again David pulled her back while Dillon made a dash up the street.

would have guessed at the unaccustomed emotions which were arising within him. His success with the rioters had completed the work which his anger at Hume had begun.

He was intoxicated by a sense of the reality, the almost mystic significance, of command. The ship was his—he had just proved it in the most complete and decisive manner. All else was unimportant. There might be some trouble with the directors when the damage was reported, but they would no doubt get over it.

As for Mrs. Cranston-Smith, it seemed strange to him that he should ever have allowed himself to worry over such a ridiculously trivial affair. He had no longer any doubts as to his capacity to deal with it.

Washbrook and his men were waiting for him in the bakery.

"Have they given in, sir?"

"Yes." Slade saw Washbrook's eyes full of admiration and felt foolish. It had been really too easy, an anti-climax. Yet to say so would sound like false modesty and would probably annoy the deck party, who were in a state of high excitement after their fight. It was they, after all, who had really saved the situation. Most of them showed signs of damage: bruises, torn clothes, and cuts from broken bottles.

"I want to thank you all for what you've done," he said. He heard his own voice, dry, brittle, without warmth or humanity. He was overcome by the sense of his own poverty—he had nothing to give. "A wonderful job of work. Particularly you, Mr. Washbrook. I promise you I won't forget this."

He looked round the group, at the strange faces. Tomorrow he must ask Washbrook to give him a list of their names.

"I hope nobody has been seriously hurt?"

"No, sir. At least—not in this party."

Slade looked at him questioningly. "Why, has somebody else—?"

Washbrook's face was solemn. "I've just received a message from the bo'sun, sir. Mr. Howard's been found unconscious at the bottom of one of the forward companionways."

Coma passed into semi-coma, into stupor, into confusion; finally, by gradual stages, consciousness returned. David began to recognise the objects around him and to talk in connected sentences, but his head ached

To page 38

CHRISTMAS ON THE ISLAND

A complete short story by **OLAF RUHEN**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

A LITTLE grinning lad came up the track as MacGregor began to climb the tall, upthrust boulder they called the Fishermen's Rock, his bare toes digging into the ancient footholds. In one hand the boy carried three hen eggs carefully wrapped in a lily leaf; in the other a mud crab, its claws pinioned with a strip of palm frond.

"Where are you going?" he wanted to know. MacGregor stopped and looked at him. The boy's grin was from ear to ear.

"I'm going to the top of the rock," he said carefully.

"Just to see about?" asked the boy.

"Just to see."

"All right. You see plenty."

From the top of the rock MacGregor saw plenty, indeed. He saw the whole beautiful world, and in the middle of it, in the water almost directly beneath him, a ketch setting sail, ice-white, immaculate, and curiously remote in spite of the muted rattle of blocks, the groaning of the anchor winch, which came as an undercurrent to the screaming of the parrots in the trees.

The departure of the little ship disturbed him—the setting out of someone he had never known for a destiny he could not guess at. It was like his own farewell to civilisation six months before—it was emotionally cold. Like himself, for that matter. Or at least that was what Kathleen had told him.

"Underneath, you're as cold as a fish," she had said when she gave him back the ring. "Nothing ever warms you. You're too good, Mac. You're clinically exact. And it isn't good for you. It won't get you anywhere."

"I don't make mistakes, anyway," he had said.

"Perhaps that's what I mean," she had told him.

He had regretted Kathleen, but it was the pursuit of his painting career rather than her dismissal which had brought him to this island of Owelaka, an outlier of the Trobriand group, which is itself an archipelago set in the Coral Sea. And he stayed, though the island is not of itself beautiful. It is simply a coral plain, a little tip-tilted by forgotten earthquakes, with a vegetation that differs hardly at all from that of any coral island anywhere.

But from his perch on the Fishermen's Rock, where traditionally the canoemen climbed to shout their successes to the expectant village, he could see the ocean's loveliest waters, studded at a little distance by islands that are dead volcanoes; and islands beyond islands, mountainous, symmetrical, and tinted with the pastel shades of sea distance.

He had been induced to stay by some furious necessity to master the problems presented by his art. He had found a home with old Frank Richards, the trader, in Frank's great cool barn of chicken-wire walls and sago-leaf roof which served as storehouse, living quarters, and trading post in the village of Lamari, on the east coast; and here he kept himself firmly applied to painting when he was not looking after Frank's interests during the trader's frequent absences.

He was looking after them now, paying his weekly call at the district office of Papatalu on the north coast, where a safe anchorage

and adjacent copra plantations constituted Owelaka's sole commercial assets.

He was barefoot, because that was the best way to negotiate the three ragged ridges of abruptly upthrust coral that, under heavy forest, divided Lamari's lovely coral beaches, its populated villages, and fertile garden land from Papatalu.

In four places he had had to balance on slippery peeled trunks of trees no more than six inches in diameter. Once he had crossed a rock bridge. There were two cliff faces, not high, but rugged, that had to be climbed with handholds; and everywhere except directly on the foot-wide, smooth-worn trail the rock was jagged with razor edges. But he had all the time in the world, and the way was beautiful with flowers and brilliant butterflies and small, water-flecked green ferns.

The weather was hot. It was ten days before Christmas in the north-west monsoon, and MacGregor stayed on top of the rock, resting and watching until the ketch had beaten north-east round the coral, heading, as he guessed now, for the main Trobriand group, which was in the north. Then he scrambled down to the track again and headed for the district office.

Stevens, the patrol officer, saw him coming and threw a yellow envelope on the counter.

"Radiogram for you," he said.

MacGregor tore it open. "Three days old?" he complained. He wasn't really surprised.

"Yes. Well, there was no hurry," Stevens said. "You can't get a message out in reply. The radio's broken down."

"When are you going to have something urgent of your own so you'll fix it?" MacGregor inquired nastily, but Stevens only grunted and turned his back. He threw a bundle of letters—mostly for Richards—on the counter. The radiogram was from Richards, too. It read: "Delayed three weeks broken propeller shaft stop some damage stop slipping Samarai stop Please meet Layoni and explain why no Christmas stop Look after her stop Sorry to trouble you. Frank."

Well, that was Frank all over, MacGregor thought. He had the ends all tied up, but, somehow or other, nothing went right for him. He had made a special trip to get Christmas stock for his store, and now he wasn't going to be home for Christmas.

Layoni was his ten-year-old half-caste daughter and the apple of his eye, and Layoni's mother had died at her birth. MacGregor had never seen the child. He felt, anyway, that he had no special affinity for children. They bored him.

One of the letters, he saw, had the name of Layoni's mission school on the envelope, so he tore it open. It contained Layoni's school report and the news that the mission schooner would land her at Papatalu on Owelaka on December twenty-first. He looked up, reminded of something.

"Beautiful ketch just left the bay," he said. "Whose is it? No trader, I bet."

"You're safe," Stevens told him. "That was Innstrom's Tanagra. If I had his money I wouldn't be bucketing round these waters in a wind ship. Even though it's got everything that opens and shuts."

"Sir Gordon Innstrom?" MacGregor asked. Stevens nodded. "The same," he said.

Sir Gordon was the one man above all others MacGregor would have liked to meet.

He was the only one of the Australian millionaires, as far as he knew, who took any interest in painting. More than that, in MacGregor's view, it was an informed interest. Innstrom knew his subject.

"I'd have liked to meet him," MacGregor said.

"You'll get your chance," said Stevens. "He's coming back. He spent a few days with the Allison, and they've asked him back for their Christmas party."

The Allison had the biggest copra plantation. There were only a dozen Europeans on the island, and the Allison comprised the self-appointed aristocracy. MacGregor avoided them when he could. Mrs. Allison got on his nerves a little.

"So charmed to welcome an artist to our little community," she said when she met him first. "I paint myself, of course. But in my first year here I painted everything, absolutely everything paintable. One can't go on painting the same coconut palm."

None of her efforts hung upon her walls, and the few prints there, while they were good, seemed to bear no relationship to one another.

MacGregor himself was engaged in a period of searching introspection. When he got home he went through his paintings again, stacking them up three or four at a time in the best light. They were not what he wanted.

He had left Sydney with no very impressive reputation, but in all honesty he did not know why. His work was modern. It had flow and rhythm; and, in particular, a series of portraits that almost approached caricature had deserved, he felt, public recognition. His techniques were good.

He was a young man going places, and he had undertaken the visit to the Trobriands for publicity purposes as much as anything; it was a vivid place where no other artist had been. And then the islands had intrigued him, entangled him, and finally, he had to admit, defeated him. For the exaggerated color and the exotic forms of the tropics mated badly with his exaggerated technique.

He sorted out the portraits of Doraima, a Lamari village adolescent who, on a whim had her head shaved entirely bald. The girl's figure was exquisite. The dainty conformation of her completely naked head mated wonderfully with her fine-cut features and her regal bearing. She painted designs of happiness on her face—eye-encircling curves of shining black and enamelled white in pigments of charcoal and lime and coconut oil.

MacGregor's first painting of her, in his usual style, was so bad he destroyed it. The others now faced him: two or three representational treatments in assorted surroundings that offered a flat and clinical result, and a slightly better version, with an almost Egyptian flavor. This one had drawn praise from Mrs. Allison, but he felt it lacked something.

Overall he was disappointed. His work seemed alien to the land and to himself. The more immediate reason for his inspection, however, was to decide whether the quality of his work was sufficient to intrigue such a patron as Innstrom. If he could achieve Sir Gordon's patronage, his fame and future would be assured.

A couple of days later, when a native boy arrived at Lamari with an invitation to the

MacGregor quickly sketched Layoni as she held the carved figure in her arms.

Allison Christmas party, he was delighted to accept.

He put the latest Doraima portrait back on the easel and added a few finishing touches, planning to present it to his hostess. Brought to the party, it would inevitably form a topic for conversation into which Sir Gordon must be drawn. Thus he would make his chance.

The Allison children and four or five others—the patrol officer's two and a Sanderson and two Emmets—were on the mission schooner with Layoni when he came to meet her.

She was a slim child, primly dressed, with pipstems legs and neat, polished shoes, and she stood a little behind the others, ignored by them, clutching her case in both hands, with her head downcast. Her voice, when she spoke, was tiny but musical.

Mrs. Allison, having gathered her brood about her, nodded a bright farewell. She was a big, heavy woman, briskly pleasant.

"We'll expect to see you on Christmas Day, then, Mr. MacGregor," she said. "Come in the afternoon. The children will be having their party then, and we'll expect you to stay for ours in the evening." She looked at Layoni. "Someone at Lamari can look after Frank's child," she added. "I doubt that she'd get on too well with our lot."

The little girl dropped her chin on her chest again and looked at the ground. MacGregor felt her register the snub, brutal and direct. He took her absurdly small case, made his farewells, and they started up the track.

When they paused at the summit and sat in the sun by the Fishermen's Rock, Layoni waited a while before she asked, "Will my daddy be home for Christmas?"

"I'm afraid he won't be," MacGregor said absently. "He'll have to stay in Samarai until his boat is fixed. A couple of weeks, maybe."

He suddenly sensed Layoni's disappointment, and looked at her closely. For the first time he noticed the dusky glory of dark hair, the smooth olive complexion, the incredibly beautiful liquid brown eyes. There was something a little pathetic, he thought, in the way she looked down at her toes. Suddenly realising she was at home, on her own ground, away from the disciplined days of mission school, she reached forward, undid her shoe fastenings, and stripped off shoes and socks. MacGregor thought, uncomfortably, of another disappointment.

"I'm afraid there won't be any Christmas presents, either," he said. "No party. Your

To page 24



Continuing . . . Christmas On The Island

from page 23

daddy was going to bring all the things back with him, and now he can't."

There was a long pause this time, while the movements of her hands were arrested, and then she said gently, "It doesn't matter." She looked up. "We did have a party at the mission, and it was nearly Christmas," she said. "Some of the girls there don't have any parties but mission parties."

Later on, when they were walking down the track, she said, "The girls who have parties will tell us all about them when school starts."

"I thought Mrs. Allison might have asked you to come to her party," MacGregor said, and Layoni shook her head.

"She never does." She had the utmost composure and poise. "Maybe daddy will bring a party back with him," she said. "It won't be very far from Christmas, will it?"

She looked up at him, and her beautiful eyes belied these Pollyanna sentiments, for they were close to tears. He began to feel a real interest in this little scrap of humanity. Suddenly he made a resolve that she should have her party.

At night after he had sent Layoni to bed, MacGregor sat and smoked his pipe. What on earth does one do, he thought, to please a child at Christmas? Most of his memories came from the commercial art work he had done in student days for city stores. There would have to be a tree—well, that was simple. He could manage that.

But there were no toys, no ornaments, no strings of lights. Playmates would be no problem. And he could keep the party a surprise—last-minute invitations would not worry the native children of the village. There should be an angel for the top of the tree. He tried to remember what else.

The village of Paladai, in the south of the island, was renowned for its wood-carvers. They were simple artisans who cheerfully tackled the job of making, say, a three-legged table: chopping it with most intricate design out of a heavy solid tree trunk, using tiny adzes of their own manufacture, smoothing the cuts with the sandpaper skin of a stingray, and adding the final polish with a boar's tusk.

Their main products were beautiful wooden bowls, simply and handsomely carved, but when a Paladai villager had nothing else to do he carved little fish or pigs, and instruments for the daily work of the people. A Paladai man would neglect his gardens for his carving, with the enthusiastic approval of his wife and family.

Timothy, the old village councillor, was sharpening an adze in front of his hut, and looked up, smiling, when MacGregor walked in. The artist came straight to the point.

"I want you to carve me an angel, Timothy. You know this something, an angel?"

"No, sir."

"A woman, then—a woman that has wings on her back like a bird's wings; a woman this high"—he gestured with his hands about fifteen inches apart—"and in her right hand she holds a stick that has a star, like this, on the end of it." With the point of a knife he scratched a star-tipped sceptre on the ground.

"A woman with wings and a stick?" asked Timothy. "This is an angel?" He pronounced the word three times over, trying to get it right.

MacGregor caught himself quickly. "Why, no," he said. "An angel is like a woman, truly, but she must be something more. She is the meaning of all giving, the cause of

all happiness; she makes your heart light."

"Like a new bride?" asked Timothy.

MacGregor searched his mind. It seemed urgent that Timothy should have exactly the right idea.

"Like a new bride and a new mother," he said. "Like the bride and the mother of all the world." He wondered whence the image came, and thought it over. It did not sound ridiculous at all. "And she looks like this," he added. He drew three quick little sketches of the angel while the councillor watched him intently.

"I want it quickly," warned MacGregor. "The day after tomorrow." Absently he added a halo to the front-face figure.

"All right," Timothy said. "I'll bring it to Lamari."

"Something else," MacGregor remembered. "I want some things for a child to play with. There should be three wise men with camels, and shepherds with their sheep, and a crib for a Baby. You know sheep? Or camels?"

"Are they like pigs?" asked Timothy.

"Like pigs," MacGregor said. "Only more like this." He drew a sheep and watched the old man's eyes when he looked at it. "Never mind," he said. "I guess pigs will do. They are for Layoni for Christmas."

The old man nodded. "I know this Christmas," he said.



"That is when the Government holds the sports at Losuia."

MacGregor drew a deep breath. "Christmas is more than that, Timothy," he said. "Christmas is when everybody thinks of other people, to make them happy. At Christmas the white man thinks of God, and pleases Him by making His children happy."

I sound like a preacher, he thought. I have never thought these things before.

Timothy was looking up, smiling. "I have heard of these things, but not seen them," he said. "I will be glad to help. But Mr. Richards will bring toys from Sam-ara."

"Not this Christmas, Timothy," MacGregor said. "His boat has broken down. That's why I want you to make these things. And not you only. Tell the others what I want. Tell them that I need toys for the children and that I will pay them well."

"The day after tomorrow I will bring them to Lamari," the councillor promised.

Once he had committed himself to give Layoni the party, MacGregor went about it enthusiastically. Layoni had renewed friendships among the children of the village, though in the year she had been gone she had almost forgotten the Boyowan language of the island; and most of the day she spent on the beach or in the water, and was never underfoot.

MacGregor saw her only for meals, which he sometimes got himself, but often left to the

hired boys Richards kept in the store. At night Layoni would look briefly at her books, which were few; then go to bed to sleep dreamlessly. MacGregor's affection for her grew with each meeting, and in the two days of preparations she was much in his thoughts.

It was easy, without her knowledge, to find a she-oak tree with the necessary symmetry and the desired size, and to install it in a corner of the store, concealed by burlap sheets and cartons of goods. He was also able to recruit a few of the village women to help him by making strings of shell beads and raucous trumpets made from the coiled leaves of the coconut palms.

They caught his enthusiasm, and by Christmas Eve other villagers to whom he had not spoken were bringing in gifts—a beautiful little outrigger canoe with mast and butterfly-wing sail, and tiny paddles laid across the planking. There was a set of tops made from halved coconut shells dowed with wooden pegs, and a cord carrying-bag of five colors.

Timothy and three men from Paladai came late on Christmas Eve with their carvings. The angel was a triumph, queerly modern in design, with a long body and short, thick legs. She had long almond eyes and a straight, unsmiling mouth.

But she was nevertheless beautiful, with an air of proud kindness most suitable for an angel. MacGregor handled the carving for a long time, turning it over and over. Then he looked at the other things, spread about him on the ground.

There were at least twenty little pigs, each round and fat, and standing stockily on four absurd short legs. There were three little figures of men. There was a short trough, shaped like a Phoenician galley—"Something for the baby," Timothy said. MacGregor recognised it. It was an ancient baby bath, just big enough to admit the fingers of a mother's hand, holding just enough warm water to clean a baby. It was the only Trobriand article made for babies. MacGregor set it down carefully. And then he saw the thing.

It was a big carving a foot long. It was cut from some golden timber, and it had a long body, six short legs, and a tail that was a dragon's tail, except that it curved upward and back, its frill of broad spines soaring like a banner, and joined in two places to the thing's back. The neck balanced the tail, but carried an enormous head with two pointed ears, four round eyes, and rows and rows of bared teeth, MacGregor picked it up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is a camel," said Timothy, and MacGregor put back his head and laughed.

"I think it is a camel. I have never seen a camel," Timothy added. He seemed affronted, and MacGregor stopped laughing.

"It is not quite a camel," he said. "But it is a very good something. I am truly pleased with it."

"Yes, it is a very good something," Timothy said complacently.

MacGregor paid the men well in tobacco and goods from the store, and they left. He looked at the angel a long time; then he took his paints and, with some compunction at hiding the beautiful grain of the wood, painted it in the colors of life. He painted the pigs, too, and the little men who represented shepherds;

and when that was done he turned to the decoration of the tree, tying in place the brilliant crimson globes of fruits and golden oranges, and all the colorful things he could think of.

He could not add the angel or the painted toys until the morning, when the colors would be dry, but even so it was long past midnight when he went to take a final look at the sleeping Layoni on his way to bed.

She was lying quietly, a little olive-skinned doll herself, with her dark hair spread about the pillow, her thin little arms carelessly outside the single sheet that covered her. In her sleep she looked a little sad and a little lonely, and he felt a great affection for the child.

He took a long time to go to sleep himself, thinking not of Layoni but of the Allison party. He was excited about it, and in a way disgusted with himself for being excited, because he certainly condemned Mrs. Allison for her rejection of Layoni.

It would have been easier for her to be kind to the child, who was, after all, the only person on the island alien to both the natives and the whites. At least on Christmas Day she could have given her the companionship of the other English-speaking children, MacGregor felt.

On the other hand, he felt the prospects of the Innstrom contact to be enormously important. Sir Gordon's was an acquaintance which MacGregor could develop with, he felt, the happiest of results when he returned to civilisation. From the starting point of the Doraima painting, which Mrs. Allison would certainly have in a place of prominence, he might even secure Sir Gordon as a kind of patron, and that, combined with his own ability, would be quite sufficient to ensure the success of his whole career.

So his thoughts went on and on into the night, and it was quite late when he awoke.

"Where will you go this morning?" he asked Layoni at breakfast.

"Just swimming, I think," she said, and he nodded. He would be able to find her when he wanted her. So he said nothing about the Christmas tree. Better to keep it really a surprise. In an hour or two it would be ready.

It took even less than that to set the painted angel at the top of the tree, to wrap in concealing leaves the painted pigs that should have been sheep and the funny little men that should have been shepherds, and the toys—the tops decorated now with bands of bright red and blue—and to arrange them all in their places. But when that was done Layoni and her village friends were nowhere to be seen.

It would be a four-hour walk to the Allison place—maybe three hours if he hurried—but MacGregor did not particularly worry about his time schedule. A little later never mattered in the islands. The children would turn up by lunchtime; he could start their party off and still arrive at the Allison's in plenty of time. But it was early afternoon when Layoni appeared, and he was feeling aggrieved.

"We've had a lovely day, Uncle Mac!" she cried. "We found a cave—"

"Well, go and find all the other kids again, and quickly," he said. "Bring them here as fast as you can."

He looked at his watch as she ran off. It was one o'clock. He pulled down all the burlap

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- 1 Most famous and loved of all Talcum Powder—Potter and Moore Mitcham Lavender—in gift pack. 6/3. Also medium size 3/9.
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- 13 Figurine of ice-skater balancing on lovely Potter and Moore Mitcham Lavender or Gardenia Perfume. With decorative gift box. 6/3.
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- 15 The Golden Eagle . . . containing Mitcham Lavender or Eau de Cologne Perfume, an unusual, and clever, way of saying "Happy Xmas", in Potter and Moore gift pack—of course. 6/3.
- 16 Unusual, but traditional, Golden Lantern containing Mitcham Lavender or Eau de Cologne Perfume in gift carton. 6/3.
- 17 Potter and Moore Mitcham Lavender or Eau de Cologne is the delightful fragrance in this cute little lamp. 4/3.

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LONDON AND MELBOURNE

Prices Apply in Metropolitan Area

To page 30

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ALTHOUGH realising a trip overseas can be educational, I cannot but feel sorry so few Australians know their own country first. We hear plenty of talks and interviews based on overseas. If more were given on our large continent, people might be attracted to visit parts other than the cities. People come here from overseas, then go home and give talks on Australia. I wonder what our own tourists feel when they're asked details of our vast country and have to admit having very little first-hand knowledge. We have wonderful scenery and interesting people right round Australia. Let us know our country, talk about it, and encourage others to go and see for themselves before we tear off abroad.

£1/1/- to Beatrice Brooke, Howrah, Tas.

THE housing problem still remains one of our greatest worries and I would like to make a suggestion to the powers-that-be. Australia is a big and rich country, there is so much land to be cleared. Couldn't farms and homes be arranged, and let families work and pay the Government back? Owing to the terrific price of land, and heavy cash deposits, many people haven't a hope. Our Government must have the power to do this—it is our youngsters' birthright to be given a clean chance.

10/6 to Juanita S. Connell, c/o Somerset P.O., Tas.

RECENTLY I asked a lad how he was progressing with his lessons and his answer set me thinking. "I have slipped back in class a couple of places," he told me. "but I am studying hard. I don't worry because I think I have as much overall practical knowledge and commonsense as most." Not all the world's greatest people were, during childhood, "top of the class." It's the attitude with which a child approaches life that matters, and not his place in class.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

WHAT is the average Australian's view on large families? Here in England, if one has a number of kiddies, she is pitied, or else made to feel it is a crime. I have just had my seventh baby, and of course I work hard. But mine is a happy family and I wouldn't part with any of them. Maybe it is a struggle to make ends meet, but I feel I've good years ahead when my family is growing up.

10/6 to Mrs. Tilley, 39 Burma Road, Stoke Newington, London N.16.

TELEPHONE rentals and payment for calls could be made easier if the Telegraph Branch of the Post Office issued to subscribers a folder along the lines of the former war-savings certificates, and allowed them to fill it up with 2/- and 5/- stamps—the balance of the telephone bill to be paid in cash. It would be payment by instalments.

10/6 to Mrs. A. M. Regelsen, 34 Wilkins Street, Newport, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

JUDGING by a recent article I read, the American Christmas is beginning to horrify even Americans. Here in Australia we are way behind in the tawdry display, but still show definite signs of trying to catch up in our own small way. The stores grow increasingly vulgar. And in many Australian homes Christmas Eve is the greatest travesty of all. This Christmas, can't it be just a little bit different—with some of the real Christmas spirit shining through the tinsel make-believe? Let's trim the tree the family way, with the littlest one doing the bottom branches and Dad tying the silver star on top. Let's try to remember that there are only two good places to celebrate Christmas—the home and the church.

10/6 to "Jay James" (name supplied), Turrumurra, N.S.W.

Hat fashions unflattering

RE ladies millinery, I'm wholly in accord with P. W. A. Kelso (6/11/57). The new "profile" hats make a nose bigger, while the long-sloping-back types make a receding chin disappear. The old toque was a real friend—either skittish or severe, befitting the occasion.

10/6 to Mrs. P. O'Leary, 27 Spicer Street, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Family affairs

I SOLVED a problem recently that has been worrying me for years. I always buy fruit by the case for eating as well as cooking, but I could never stop the children from eating it wastefully—big cores with a lot of fruit left on lying round, and pocketful taken to school for playfellows. Then I hit on this idea: I put two fruit bowls in their room and put enough fruit in each for a week. If they want to eat it all up in one day, that's up to them—but they don't. The cases are under lock and key, so everyone's happy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Blackwell, "Climar," Campbell Town, Tas.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE few people who are interested in the matter think I am queer about Christmas cards.

It goes back to a long time ago, when I went to England to make my fortune.

(I didn't make it, and I came back again. I was a kind of Dick Whittington in reverse gear; but that is another story.)

My first winter in London I was lonely. I waited anxiously for letters from friends at home, but very few came.

Then in December the postman started to bring bundles of mail.

I opened each envelope with eager excitement. But disappointment soon followed.

There was no gossip letter inside—only a Christmas card.

So I became a hater of Christmas cards. I made a vow that I would never make people unhappy at the season of goodwill by sending Christmas cards to them.

After I was married I told my wife about this attitude.

She said I was barmy and left it at that.

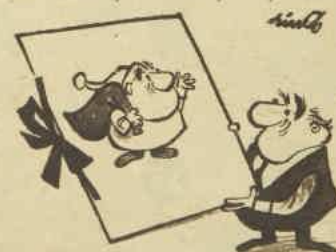
But when people kept sending us

WISHING ALL THE BEST

Christmas cards she said we ought to send some, too.

"No," I repeated. "A Christmas card is only a disappointing substitute for a letter."

"But these people don't want letters from you! They only want



Christmas cards," she said. "You're really a bit of a Scrooge."

"Me a Scrooge!" I cried. "Don't I get tears in my eyes when children sing carols? Didn't I give you a lovely wringer for a Christmas present?"

Just the same, I was stung by the taunt.

I decided that perhaps it would be better to start sending cards, like everyone else.

The trouble was, they had got so complicated.

Last year Perc Potluck sent us a card with a photograph of himself on it, holding a fish he had caught.

The Higgins' card—Opal Higgins takes painting lessons—featured a water-color study of their new garage.

"Jumbo" Slatter, who is in the timber business, sent a card printed on a piece of wood. If he was a butcher I suppose he would have printed it on a piece of tripe.

"It's no good," I told my wife. "I couldn't compete with these original Christmas cards. I haven't got the time or the talent."

"Nonsense!" she replied. "Originality doesn't matter at Christmas. All that matters is goodwill."

I am very keen on goodwill. So this year at last I overcame my scruples. I got some cards with as much holly on them as possible and wished people a Merry Christmas.

And the same to readers of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—more particularly readers of this part of it.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Here is a classically simple dress-jacket ensemble chosen for a career girl who makes her own clothes and dresses on a budget. Her letter and my reply are below.

THE career girl wrote as follows:

"Would you please design a cool frock with a little jacket suitable to wear to the office, and after the office to a show. I make my own clothes—I have to as I stick to a budget and couldn't manage all my commitments otherwise. My size is 34in. bust. Please answer as quickly as possible."

The ensemble I have chosen is illustrated at right and below, with and without its jacket. I feel sure it is just the type of ensemble you are looking for, and hope you think so, too. The sleeveless dress is made in cotton print, the scoop neckline and tab trim are in contrasting color to match the solid-color jacket. The latter is trimmed with the dress material.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Near the illustrations are further details and how to order.

"WHAT style of outfit—color and design—would you recommend for a summer playsuit? I have very thin thighs and would like this figure fault disguised."

I suggest a two-piecer consisting of a one-piece garment with puffy romper trousers and a matching front-buttoned skirt. The bloomer legs will disguise your too-thin thighs.

"I WANT some fashion advice for next season. I am being married and want to include two coats in the clothes I am buying. One is to wear to shows in town at night, visiting friends, etc. The other is for hard wear in the daytime. I am slim, 24, and like ultra-smart clothes."

To go along with autumn's new way of chemise dressing, I suggest (for late day and later) a single-breasted reefer of velvety black wool. Have it straight cut, beltless, and

single-breasted, its silhouette more wide than narrow. For the day coat I suggest one in the new three-quarter length, made in a hairy tweed. For the latter it would be quite a smart and practical idea to have a matching skirt. The garments could be worn together or separate.

"BEING both stout and tall I would like some hints about the most becoming types of clothes to choose."

You will need to wear clothes that make you look shorter and slimmer. These points will help:

- The most slimming skirt is a gored one.
- Set-in sleeves help slenderise the arms.
- A slightly bloused waistline gives needed softness.
- When a belt is worn, be sure it is narrow.
- A skirt line that fits easily over the hipline and is a little longer than the currently popular 15½in. from the ground will help give a slender silhouette.
- A V neckline makes a short, thick neck more swan-like.

"I HAVE a loose-fitting collarless cardigan-jacket in white rayon, with three-quarter sleeves and two patch pockets. My problem is some sort of contrast for the trimming. I don't like vivid shades."

I suggest bands of lin-wide grey linen as binding for the jacket sleeves and pocket edges.

"WOULD you please suggest something very smart and suitable for late-day to make up some pale grey brocade. I like tailored styles best."

You could not have anything newer or smarter for late-day than a two-piece dress or one that gives the illusion of a two-piece. Furthermore, a design in this category would look very attractive in brocade. Example: A hip-length,

short-sleeved top finished with a high-in-front neckline and a draped low-cut line at the back. The drape gives the effect of blousing. The skirt is slim and narrow.

"WOULD you please design me a baby-doll sleeping suit for my trousseau. I want the style to be very feminine."

A top made of tier upon tier of lin-wide lace edging would be a pretty and feminine idea for a baby doll. The top

will need an underlayer of silk or nylon. Have the top made sleeveless and the neckline square-cut back and front. The accompanying panties could be made in the same material as the underlayer, and finished around each leg with a trim of matching lace.

"I HAVE made a grey net ballerina, and as I want to finish the waistline with a sash I would like your advice."

Maroon velvet ribbon tied at the side and falling in long streamers to the hemline would be pretty with grey net.

"PLEASE advise me on the correct costume jewelry to wear with a formal evening frock. I like colored stones."

Jewels confined to evening wear include dangling earrings and elaborate tiered necklaces often matched with a bulky brooch. Green is coming into fashion in opaque and clear stones, generally combined with crystals or white beads.

"WOULD you please tell me the most popular shades in floral prints?"

All shades of yellow, rosy red, pink, brown, and beige are the outstanding colors featured in this year's prints.



DS277.—One-piece sleeveless dress (below) with a pretty flared skirt and waist-length jacket (above) in contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief:

PICK UP YOUR FOOT HABITS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Did you know that iced astringent, applied generously to the feet with a wad of cotton-wool, is a wonderful pick-up for them?

IT'S well worth making use of this cool hint, especially now when Christmas shoppers often have to think more of their aching feet than about completing their purchases.

Long periods of walking or standing can be trying even for people who study their feet.

But one way to cut down on foot aches is to place the heel of one foot against the arch of the other. Occa-

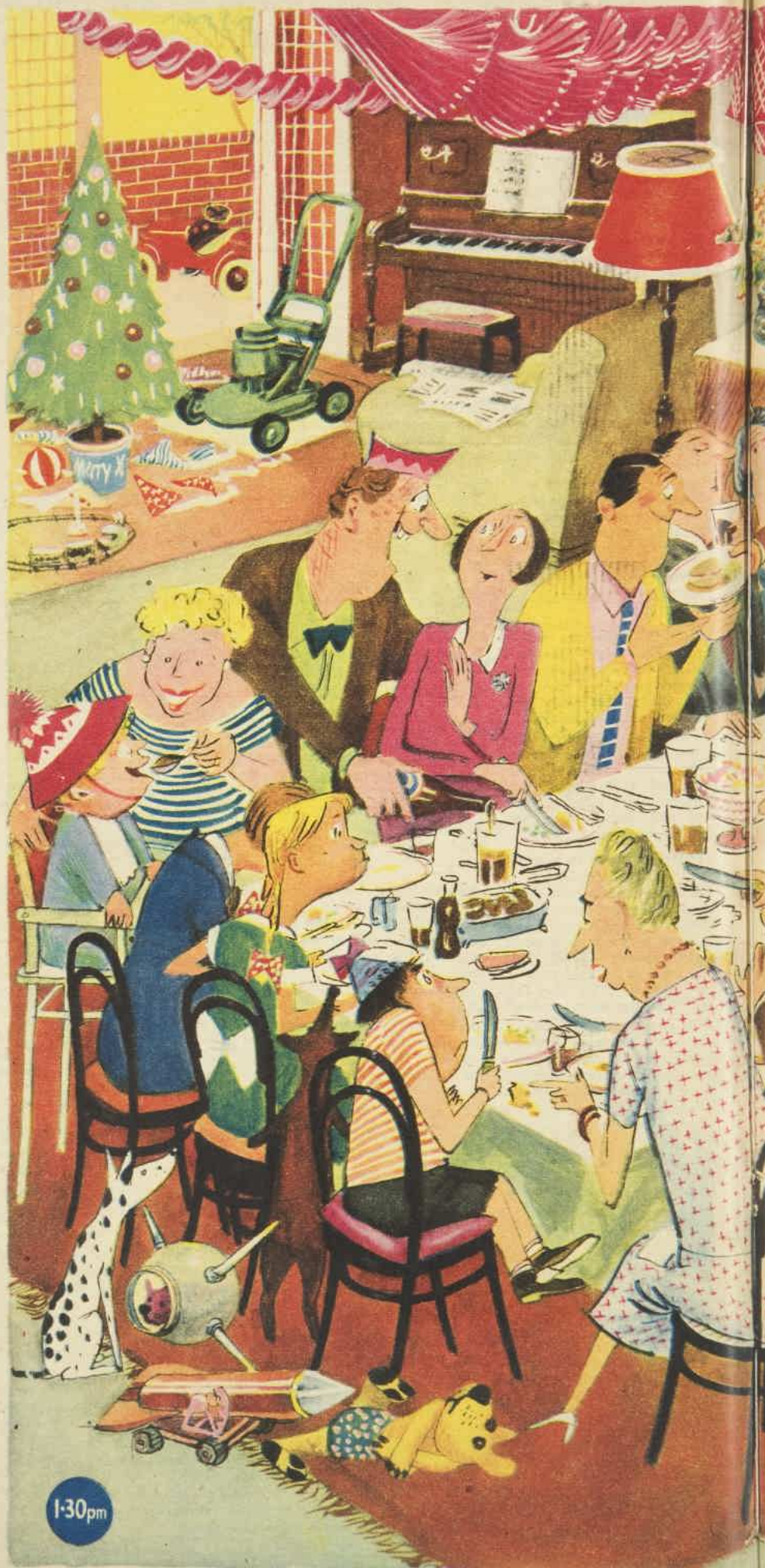
sionally shift the position. In this way the heel supports the arch.

The hot-and-cold plunge is hard to beat for relieving tired feet. Another good idea is to bathe them in warm water to which has been added a spoonful of alum or bicarbonate of soda.

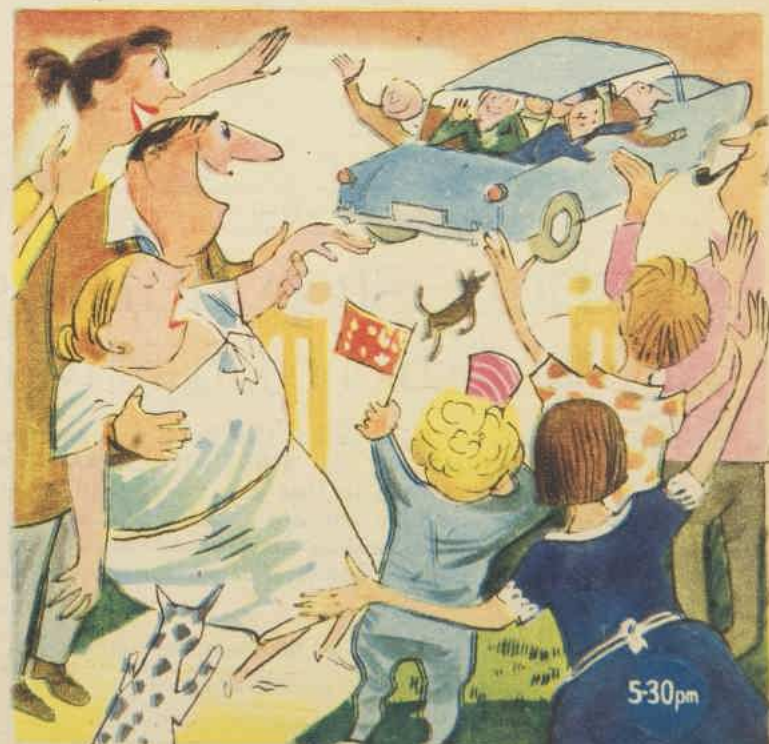
And when you find yourself saying to friends, "My feet are killing me—I didn't have a chance to sit down all day," it's high time to go into that feet-higher-than-the-head routine.



NOTHING LIKE CHRISTMAS *as seen by*



A vibrant, stylized illustration of a family dinner. In the center, a man in a brown jacket is carving a large roast on a table covered with a white tablecloth. Several other people are seated around the table, engaged in conversation and eating. In the background, a woman in a green dress stands near a kitchen area. The scene is decorated with a red and white striped valance, a clock, and various bottles on the table. A vase with yellow flowers sits on the floor in the foreground. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century children's book illustrations.



Every woman
will want to be seen
in the glamorous light
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Pearl Pink
LAMP

This new lamp gives a soft, warm light—it softens shadows and flatters complexions and furnishings. It can be thoroughly recommended for use in the lounge, bedroom or hall at home; in some shops, stores, hotels, cocktail bars, etc.



Available in 60, 100 watts.

Ask for
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at electrical retailers,
grocers and hardware
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Continuing . . . Christmas On The Island

from page 24

barriers and the pile of crates, and revealed the Christmas tree. Even in his impatience he was pleased with the result. The tree was beautiful, its branches gracious under the brilliant offerings, and from the topmost twig the angel, proud and lovely, looked indeed as though she offered her benediction.

When the little girl came again to the doorway of the store, she just stood still and stared. Behind her a throng of brown children pushed their way in, until they, too, could see the tree and the angel.

"Merry Christmas, Layoni," greeted MacGregor. She didn't hear him until he had said it twice more. Then she ran, not to the tree but to him, clutching his legs and looking up at his face; and he felt the strong, unselfish love of a man for a child welling up in him, almost choking him. It was new in his experience, and it took him by the throat and left him weak.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she cried.

"Just for you," he smiled. "You and your friends. It's all yours."

She walked slowly over to the tree, picking her way daintily, and there was that in her eyes that dimmed the radiance of the angel enthroned there. It was a look of beauty, of complete adoration, reflecting the kind of sheer happiness that can bring tears. MacGregor watched her for long minutes; he sat there watching while she called the others; he sat on and on.

And suddenly it was urgent that he should keep forever the memory of that look and that happiness; and almost unconsciously he reached for his sketch pad.

Working swiftly, he captured the moment. Quickly he made sketch after sketch—the face, the uplifted eye, a hand outstretched—not coldly and clinically but in a mounting fever of excitement

that was somehow intertwined with his other emotions.

Suddenly she was lifting up the animal that Timothy had carved—the six-legged monster with a dragon's tail.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's something," he told her. "Timothy said it's a camel." She dissolved into laughter.

From there it went on as a children's party does, except that the creator of the party sat there amongst them, his pencil flying, stabilising and holding forever the moments in which a fat brown baby sat in ecstasy, fingering a spotty painted pig; or the whirl of movement with which a lucky lad raced to the water with a toy canoe.

And when, at last, MacGregor retrieved the angel from the top of the tree and

The calmest husbands
make the stormiest
wives.

—Isaac D'Israeli.

Layoni took it and sat with it in her arms, with her face moulded into a pure testimony of love and happiness, he sat and drew that, too; his lines swiftly conspiring to produce, not merely the features, the black hair, the liquid brown eyes, but the configuration of love itself—of love and happiness and the true recipient spirit of Christmas.

When he had finished he realised that the afternoon was gone, that the sun was sinking, and that the Allison's would this day see neither himself nor the portrait of Doraima. There was no time for him to go, and no excuse. He could never explain such a late arrival.

Instead he stayed with Layoni, and, when the village children went, read to her a little while, and watched her sleep at last, the painted wooden angel clutched in her arms.

He realised he had probably

made an enemy of the Allison's—the explanation that he had failed to arrive so that he could give a Christmas party to Layoni would certainly not be acceptable to the woman who had refused to invite the little girl herself. The Allison's didn't matter, but he regretted the lost opportunity of meeting Instrom.

The day after Christmas was like any day after Christmas, MacGregor thought moodily as he cleared away the tree and the debris of children's play. He worked slowly, absorbed in his thoughts, and was surprised by a stranger at the door, a tall grey man, a little red in the face from walking, dressed in correct tropical whites and carrying an ebony stick. The stranger held out his hand.

"My name's Instrom," he said. "You're MacGregor." He heard some talk about you last night, and I wanted to see for myself how an artist would treat all this magnificent material."

MacGregor could hardly believe his luck. They talked for a while, and he brought out his paintings; some of the lesser ones first. But as Sir Gordon looked at painting after painting MacGregor's spirits sank. The visitor was politely appreciative, no more. When at last the Doraima portrait stood against the wall, MacGregor knew with certainty that his work hadn't passed the tests of this man's criticism.

"Interesting," said Sir Gordon, fingering a grey moustache. "A really interesting solution, and I can see the problems you're up against here."

MacGregor made tea, and managed with difficulty to keep up a conversation. Whatever it was the millionaire had come hoping to see, he had not found it, and the artist reacted with disappointment almost to the point of despair.

But, as he turned to go, Sir Gordon idly picked up the

sketch pad with the drawings of the children at the party. Carefully he went through them, page after page; then, with the pad, seated himself at the table.

"Now these?" he asked. "You'll be working on these? They're quite recent?"

"Yesterday's," said MacGregor. He laughed. "They're the reason I didn't meet you at the Allison's."

"Obviously," said Sir Gordon, "you found something better to do." He pointed to the Doraima portrait against the wall. "You see the difference? That one's good—good technique, good balance, a fine subject—but it's cold. It lacks emotion. You felt nothing. You had nothing to feel."

He took up the drawings again—"These are different. They have feeling. They are alive. Here your hands were directed through eyes altered by your own emotions. You were emotionally involved. You see. You are forever involved. And I think you will never be the same as you were before."

He reached in his pocket and found a card. "I must go, young man. I'm glad I came. I'd like to see more of your work. Your later work. Look me up when you come to Sydney."

MacGregor walked with him to the Fishermen's Rock at the top of the hill. He had a feeling he might never see Sir Gordon again, for suddenly he knew with certainty that he didn't need him. When he returned, Layoni came racing from the beach and threw herself into his arms. The wooden angel hit him on the head, but he didn't care.

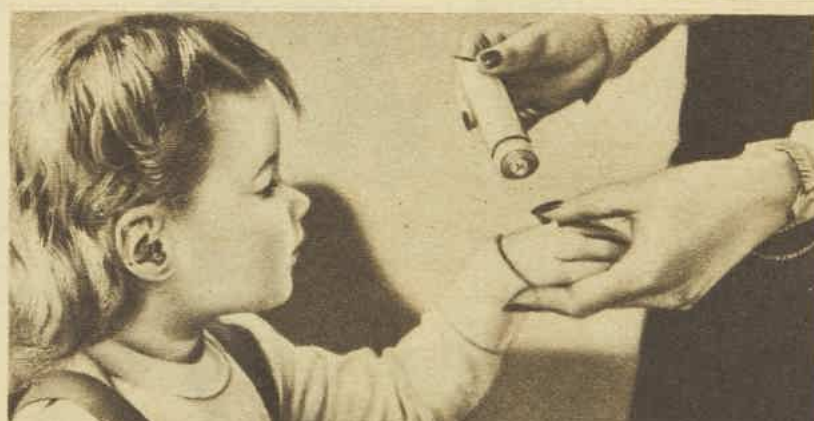
"Thank you! Thank you, Uncle Mac!" cried Layoni. "Thank you for the party!"

"Thank you, little girl," he said. "Thank you for everything." She didn't understand him, but he didn't bother to explain.

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Not the old way. No more tissue-burning antiseptics that make children resist first aid.



But the new way. Gentle JOHNSON'S new FIRST AID CREAM doesn't sting, speeds healing.

Mother...stop hurting your child... with old-fashioned, harsh antiseptics!

No more worry about stinging liquids that bring pain and fear to children, because JOHNSON'S new FIRST AID CREAM is here—the new cream antiseptic that just can't smart or sting. Greaseless, stainless and fully antiseptic, it fights infection and relieves pain while it speeds healing. Check these special features. They mean soothing comfort, quicker healing for the children—for ALL the family.

- ✓ Won't sting — won't irritate tissues. ✓ Speeds healing. ✓ Fights infection.
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For cuts, burns, abrasions. No other antiseptic is so effective, yet so safe!

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"When I take my family picnicking ...

we'd sooner have **tuna**"



GREENSEAS

tuna

A NEW TASTE THRILL
you can serve in dozens
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One taste makes you want more Greenseas Tuna. It's delicious! Top favourite in America and the Continent, Tuna is now caught in the deep Pacific off the coast of N.S.W. and canned by Greenseas in flavour-retaining salad oil. Serve it in crisp salads, tasty hot dishes, snappy sandwiches and savouries ... Greenseas Tuna is all goodness! Try some to-day! It's delicious!

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In a crisp, tasty salad, Greenseas Tuna costs less than a shilling on average serve. That's economy! And for palate-pleasing hot dishes — casseroles, pies, etc. — one 7-oz. tin of Greenseas Tuna makes a family-sized meal. For economy, nutrition, and taste-thrilling flavour — you'd sooner have Tuna — the new fish delicacy.

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Food tests prove Tuna is one of nature's most nutritious foods. Greenseas Tuna contains vitamins A, D, and the vital B-group to promote health and growth ... as well as fluorine for the teeth, phosphorus to build strong bones, and niacin for the skin. For health's sake, too — you'd sooner have Tuna!



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Make snappy sandwiches and party savouries with Greenseas Shredded Tuna. It's ready-to-use ... finely shredded.



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Worth Reporting

AUSTRALIAN girls might well be the prettiest, most suntanned, most feted beach girls in the world, but when it comes to equality of the sexes they're being beaten flat by a small group of English girls whose "suntans" probably come out of a bottle.

On a stretch of the wild Cornish coast is the little beach resort of Bude, billed as "Britain's Bondi." There, where the water temperature on a "hot" day never rises above 62 degrees, is one of Britain's six Surf Life-Saving Associations in which the girls get equal rating with the boys.

It took a bunch of bronzed Australian surf men to convince the English they had some good surfing beaches.

"Now there are six British Surf Life-Saving Associations, and another at Jersey, in the Channel Islands," said 36-year-old Colin Hendy, former surf-belt champion and captain of the North Bondi surf team, back home after four years in England. He has a new title, president of the S.L.S.A. of Great Britain.

Mr. Hendy discovered that Britain's first surf club had been formed in Cornwall by Allan Kennedy, a former State superintendent of the Queensland S.L.S.A.

"I sent several keen Australian surfers hot-footing it down to Bude, where they helped teach Australian methods of surfing and life-saving."

"Girls have full membership rights in the clubs. They man the reel, do resuscitation and beach patrols," he said.

"Two other attractions of British surfing are no sharks and no beach inspectors. In fact, bikinis are having a field day."

Five generations of one man's family

REMEMBER the part of the marriage service which says, "May they both see their children's children even unto the third and fourth generation?"

One happy couple who have done this are Mr. and Mrs. Maurice French, of Bankstown, N.S.W., who were surrounded by four generations of their family when they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary recently.

There were their own children, their children's children, their children's children's children, and their children's children's children's children!

Youngest guests at the party were a two-weeks-old baby and a toddler of 14 months, who came from Gundagai, 250 miles away, to represent the latest generation of the family.

Married in the Presbyterian Church at Tumut, N.S.W., in 1897, Mr. and Mrs. French have 70 descendants.

THE apes in America's Washington Zoo are very sensitive. They're given tranquillising drugs to relieve their anxiety when they have to be moved or handled.



"It was an honest mistake. I thought he was one of your relatives."

Brushing up on dental care

DO you ever make a morning raid on the bathroom to see that your children are cleaning their teeth?

Even if you do, you mightn't be helping Junior's teeth, according to Dr. G. Bowen-Thomas, of Strathfield, N.S.W., because many people don't know the right way to clean teeth.

"They simply give a child a toothbrush and tell him to go ahead," he added.

"From the beginning I taught my children the correct way to use their toothbrushes, and I often supervise them now," he told us.

During N.S.W. Health Week Dr. Bowen-Thomas felt that his care was more than repaid. His schoolgirl daughter, Anne, carried off the prize for the 12-year-old girl with the best teeth in the State.

Ross Ruskin Rowe, of Warren, won the award in the boys' section.

The Australian Dental Association gives these instructions for toothbrush technique:

- Brush the chewing surfaces thoroughly, using a small brush with medium bristles. Hold the bristles at right angles to the teeth, covering about 1/8th inch of the gums. Force the bristles between the teeth and press firmly against the gums. Rotate the brush vigorously in a small circle. Clean every surface of every tooth in this way.

An order for the palace

THERE'S an interesting story behind an order we received for our book "The Living Bush."

Hobart schoolmistress Miss Dorothy Wilkinson ordered a copy for despatch to Mr. E. Bennett, c/o Buckingham Palace, London.

Mr. Bennett, who is one of the Queen's pages, knows some of Miss Wilkinson's relatives in Scotland.

So when he visited Tasmania with the Royal tour in 1954 he went out to see the Wilkinson family.

Mr. Bennett happened to mention this to the Queen, who was immediately interested.

The following night a big, black Vice-Regal car called for Miss Wilkinson, her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harold Wilkinson.

They were whisked off to Government House for an informal presentation to the Queen.

Keep the washing in the fridge

GETTING the washing dry in the Oodnadatta, S.A., district is no problem, according to Miss Catherine Lofts, of Cammeray, N.S.W., who recently returned after 16 months there.

But keeping the washing damp enough to iron needs initiative.

Miss Lofts used to damp hers, put it in a plastic bag and store it in the refrigerator until she was ready to iron.

"We had 28 days over 100 degrees last summer," petite Miss Lofts told us, smiling. "With one day reaching 140 outside. Inside it was only 120."

Miss Lofts went to Oodnadatta as a nursing aide to Sister Beth Symonds, also of Sydney, at the Australian Inland Mission nursing home. In spite of heat, dust, spiders, flies, and reptiles, Miss Lofts hopes to return.

"The A.I.M. hospital," she explained, "makes life safe for the cattle people."

BIG HOLIDAY FICTION ISSUE

● Next week's issue will have a bumper collection of fiction by leading writers. There will be an extra-long instalment of a new murder mystery, plus six short stories.

SERIAL

- "4.50 from Paddington," by the queen of mystery writers, Agatha Christie . . . as well as a murder in a train there's an engaging pair of young amateur detectives, and also Miss Jane Marple.

SHORT STORIES

- "The Lost Chapel Picnic," by Margery Sharp . . . a famous writer who specialises in off-beat stories.
- "Tip On a Dead Jockey," by Irwin Shaw . . . the drama of an ex-bomber pilot played out against the backdrop of Paris.
- "The Girl With the Butterfly Net," by Glen and Jane Sire . . . proving that brains don't ALWAYS stop a girl from getting a boy.
- "The Christmas Rose," by Ann Gordon . . . as heart-warming and beautiful a Christmas story as you'll read in a long while.
- "The Errors of Santa Claus," by Stephen Leacock . . . a classic story with a moral for every generation.
- "Mirage," by Dorothy Eden . . . a love story set on an exotic island in the Caribbean Sea.

Continuing . . .

The Actress And The Cop

from page 17

you, Gunnar. How in the world did you get her down?"

"I came down to go for a ride on Gunnar's motor-cycle," Nicole said.

"Me, too," Della said.

"What are you talking about?" Peg said. "Della, you're the guest of honor. Everybody's waiting to meet you."

Della looked over at the people at the party. They weren't waiting to meet anybody.

"Are you kidding?" she said. "Besides, there's plenty of time." "Oh, no, Della. Please don't go crazy on me just because my foolish daughter climbed that tree."

"Crazy? Why, I'm having the best time I've ever had at a party."

"Willie's so proud you're going to be in his new picture. He's got dozens of important people he wants you to meet."

"I've met them," Della said. "I'll meet them again, too. Plenty of times."

"We've got to go now," Nicole said. "This way, Della. I know a short cut around the pool."

The other way you'll run into all those people, and they'll never let you go."

"Nick, will you please shut up a minute?" Peg shouted. "I'm dashed if you're going to spoil every party your father gives! If you say another word, I swear I'm going to knock your head off!"

NICOLE stood very straight, looking at her mother. Then she turned and fled, running around the pool, down the sloping lawn, to the fence, up the fence, and over to the alley. As she ran she shouted "I don't want you! I don't want your parties! I don't want anything!" But, of course, nobody heard her and nobody saw her go, except the three of us standing under the tree.

"She's a spoiled brat," Peg said. Her lips trembled as she spoke.

When she tried to laugh, Della said, "Let's go meet Willie's friends, Peg."

And that's when I began to fall again. I wanted to go get Nicole, but I knew I had already gone a little too far, as usual. I like kids because they're straight, and I like adults because it's impossible for them to be straight and successful at the same time. I went over to where the drinks were being poured, got one, and waited for somebody I knew, so I could say something, too. Anything. But nobody I knew showed up.

I went into the house, drinking on the way, but nobody I saw was anybody I knew, so I kept going until I got to the front door. I put the drink on the table there, went out, and walked down the street to the alley. It was paved, with clean white board fences, most of them covered with ivy or honeysuckle.

There was a mockingbird in a magnolia tree — Hollywood is full of them, bird and tree both — and the bird was mocking. Near the end of the alley where it comes to Benedict Canyon I saw Nicole standing behind a mass of honeysuckle.

"Ask your mother to phone me some time when it's all right for you to go for a ride, and I'll come and get you."

I walked to Benedict Canyon, and then to Sunset, and before I knew it I was home, which is a two-room apartment over a garage on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood.

I hadn't been upstairs three minutes when the doorbell rang. It was Nicole.

"How did you get here?" "I followed you. Can I have a glass of water?"

I got her a glass of water.

She drank it with the choppy sound of satisfaction only very thirsty kids have, so I got her another glass, and she drank that one, too.

"Another?"

"No, thanks." She looked around the apartment. "I had to see where you live. I guess I'd better get started back now. Goodbye."

"Goodbye? You don't think I'd let you walk back, do you?"

"I know my way."

"I'll take you back on my bike. And listen to me, will you, Nicole?"

"Yes, sir."

"You and I behaved very badly this afternoon, and I'm very angry at myself."

"I'm not angry at myself."

"Well, all right, but when you get home, go to your mother and tell her you're sorry. Everybody in a family has got to help everybody else."

"O.K., but you don't have to take me back. The party won't end for hours. I know. They're always supposed to be from five to seven, but they're never over until long after I've gone to bed. Every time. I can walk back."

"No; I promised you a ride, and this is my chance."

"You don't have to keep your promise."

"Yes, I do."

We went out on to the top of the stairway, and then down the wooden steps to the garage.

"Oh, golly!" she said when she saw the motor-cycle. "Oh, what a beauty!"

I rolled the bike out of the garage to the driveway, placed her carefully on the front part of the seat, got on, and we were about to take off when a purple convertible with the top down rolled into the driveway down Della Harrigan at the wheel. She kept the convertible rolling slowly until it was alongside us.

"I found Peg's address book in the powder-room. I want my ride."

"Well, jump on, then. I've got to get you both back to the party."

"It's been a smashing success. I didn't leave until I'd met everybody. They'll all be there for hours."

"Is Peg looking for Nicole?"

"Oh, no. The party's going great. Nobody knows who's still there or who's gone. I'm sure everybody thinks I'm still there. We'll all go back and have some more fun. What did you leave for?"

"I don't know any of Peg's and Willie's friends these days."

"I'm one of their friends. You know me."

"Well, we've met."

"Where do I sit?"

"Right behind me, and I'm afraid you'll have to hang on real tight if you don't want to find yourself sitting on the pavement."

Della sat behind me and put her arms around me.

"A little tighter, I think."

She tightened her grip, I started the bike, and we rolled down the driveway slowly to Franklin Avenue. Then we began to go. At the corner of Hollywood and Highland there was Eddie Singleman on his bike, in uniform, on duty.

"Is that you, Gunnar?"

"Sure is, Eddie."

"Who are the pretty girls?"

"Tell him I'm your wife," Della whispered.

"Mr. Singleman," I said, "may I present my wife?"

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Reykjavik," Eddie said.

"Likewise, I'm sure," Della said.

"I'm their daughter," Nicole said.

"I got her a glass of water."

"Pleased to meet you, too, miss," Eddie said.

"Miss Nicole Reykjavik," Nicole said. "We're all three of us part Icelanders. On my father's side. On my mother's we're part Arkansas."

"Taking the family out for a little Saturday evening drive, Gunnar?"

"Yeah."

"We could very easily buy a good secondhand car," Della said, "but I always say don't waste your money on luxuries, so you can afford another child. I'm expecting another this year."

"Well, take care of yourself, Mrs. Reykjavik," Eddie said.

"And, Gunnar, you drive careful now. Your wife's pretty enough to be in pictures."

"You're very sweet to say that, Eddie," Della said. "but I always say a woman's place is in the home, taking care of her husband."

"There ain't many like you left," Eddie said. "Take it easy now." He raced away.

"Oh, that was real nice," Nicole said. "It was all lies, but it was fun just the same. Please don't drive straight home."

We rode down Highland to Sunset, and then up into the hills. When we were at the top of a hill we stopped to have a look at Hollywood away down there.

Nicole took off to do a little exploring, and Della turned around, so I could have another look at her instead of Hollywood. I knew I'd better watch it, but I couldn't. If a little girl is at the top of a tree and challenges me to get up there, I've got to get up there. If a big girl stands in front of me at the top of a hill in Hollywood and challenges me to take her in my arms, I've got to do it, movie star or no movie star.

"Again," Della said.

"Don't forget the little girl."

"Well, kiss her, too. She's your daughter. And I'm your wife."

"Don't I wish you were, though?"

"Again."

"No, enough's enough, and here she comes, anyway."

"Run to your mamma, please," Della said.

Nicole ran with all her might into Della's arms. Della hugged her, swept her off her feet, twirled her around twice, and swung her out to me. I took the little girl and hugged her, and then Della hugged her while I was hugging her, and there we were. A family, almost.

We got back on the bike and started down the hill, winding around and around, the two women talking happily, and me trying to think, trying to figure out what to do about a thing like this because I was at their feet.

I stopped the bike two blocks from the Kidling house. "You'd better walk the rest of the way."

They got off, and Della kissed me the way a wife does when her husband's going to work.

"You take good care of yourself now," she said.

Then Nicole gave me a quick hug and they went off together.

I turned the bike around and drove to the station, in love again, tickled to death, and scared to death.

There was a five-handed game of stud in the back room, so I took a hand, got aces to back, a third ace on the fifth card, against three kings, and took a big pot, almost three dollars, and this just isn't my

To page 36

QUADS' CHRISTMAS OUTINGS



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES saw Sara Quads, Alison, Phillip, Mark, and Judith, at a royal banquet where Puss in Boots entertained. Scene was part of a retail store's display. Staff photographer Ron Berg took the pictures.

● See the excitement on a child's face as Christmas nears, multiply it by eight, and you'll catch the thrill felt by the Sara and Lucke quads as they went on holiday outings.

For the Lucke children, not yet three, there were swimsuits, sandcastles, buckets, spades, and swimming with their parents on a beach near Bundaberg, Queensland.

The Saras, of Sydney, thrilled at their first visit to a big store, where fairytale characters came to life, space ships soared, and an amiable old Santa lent an ear to their whispers. It's their seventh Christmas.



ANIMATED TABLEAUX with child-sized figures intrigued the Saras, who joined the old cobbler in watching Puss try on his magic boots. It all seemed real to the children.



LATER, spacemen Phillip and Mark said goodbye to sisters Alison and Judith and took off on a rocket trip to the moon. The boys finally decided to stay on earth.



RUNAWAY ROCKING-HORSE, ridden by Mark and Phillip, was a tough bronco to bust. The Saras met Santa, confided that they yearned for a rocking-horse, too.



PADDLING with their parents, Arthur and Agnes Lucke (above), Jennifer, Veronica, Kevin, and Eric argued. Jennifer and Veronica wanted to stay in the water, but Kevin and Eric wanted to play on the sand. Pictures on this page were taken by Lionel Keen.

COOLING OFF in the shade on the foreshore, quads (from left) Eric, Kevin, Veronica, and Jennifer relaxed for a while on a swing and enjoyed ice-creams. The Lucke family had gone to Bargara, a seaside township in the Bundaberg district, for the day.



kind of luck at all. I generally lose.

At midnight I went on duty—Highway 101 Alternate from Santa Monica to the Ventura County line, straight through Malibu, Point Dume, Zuma Beach, and Trancas.

The weekend traffic was still heavy and hectic. I could have stopped just about everybody and written out a ticket, but I didn't because I had fallen again. All I did was ride along and hope nobody would crash or smash.

I left the highway at Point Dume and rolled up and down the hills there. Nothing on the police radio was for me. And then, all of a sudden, it was. I looked at my watch—half-past two—and took off as fast as I could go to Peg and Willie's house.

"It's all your fault!" Peg said. "You had no business climbing that tree. It's three o'clock in the morning. Where's my little girl?"

"Peg," Willie said softly, "Gunnar's my best friend."

"I don't care who he is," Peg said. "My daughter's been gone since half-past six this evening, Mr. Reykjavik. Where is she?"

"Where's Della?" I said.

"I don't know and I don't care. She had no business climbing the tree, either. You people who don't have kids are always making trouble for people who do."

"Can you give me her address?"

Willie wrote the address on a card.

I went out and got on my bike. I was on my way to Della's when I thought I'd better go to my own place first. The purple car was still in the driveway.

I ran up the steps, went in, turned on the light, and there on the sofa was Della, fast asleep. She opened her eyes and sat up.

"What time is it?"

"Three, and what are you doing here?"

"I had a little too much at the party, so when I came to get my car I thought I'd see if your door might be unlatched, and it was. I only expected to take a nap. I'm sorry if you're annoyed. Are you?"

"Of course not. Not with you, at any rate."

"You look annoyed. Who with, then?"

"Myself. Something's happened, and it's my fault."

"Look, if you're being black-mailed, I know a lawyer."

"No, no. Listen, Della. Nicole's disappeared. Now, please think back and think clearly. Tell me exactly what happened after Nicole and you got off the bike."

"Why, we went back to the party, of course."

"Did Nicole go to her mother?"

"No. As a matter of fact, when we reached the front walk, she said she wanted to go around the back way. Under the circumstances, I agreed that that might be a good idea, so I went back to the party alone. Nobody noticed that I had been gone, even. I stayed quite a long time, too, and then Ricky Vale dropped me off here to pick up my car."

"While you were at the party, did you see Nicole again?"

"No, come to think of it, I didn't. I felt sure she was about, though I can't believe—what do you mean, she's disappeared?"

"I didn't get it, either, but there it is, and I've got to find her, that's all."

Della began to gather her things together. "What do you think's happened to her?"

"I don't know. Could be any number of things. As a cop, I know some of them could be pretty grim, but I'm not letting myself believe it might be

Continuing . . .

any of them, I prefer to think she's hiding out somewhere."

"Where?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I thought it might be at your house, if she happened to know where it is."

"She knows. She's been there many times."

"And then I thought it might be here. It's probably nearer home, though. A school friend, maybe. She could even be hiding somewhere in the house itself."

"Would Nicole do a thing like that?"

"I don't know. She might."

"What are the bad things?"

"I'd rather not talk about them."

"Are they that bad?"

"They are. It happens all the time. Feeling hurt, she might just go along with anybody. She followed me all the way from her house to this house, to give you an idea. Are you all right? Can you drive?"

"Of course," Della said. "I'll be home in ten minutes. Why do you leave your door unlatched?"

"There's no reason to lock it."

"No wife? No kids? Is that what you mean?"

"I guess so."

"Why don't you marry me?"

"The girl I married asked me that question, so of course I married her. I don't know how to take that question with a grain of salt."

"Is this part of the long story you didn't want to tell me in the tree?"

"It's all of it. The rest is, she divorced me."

"Why?"

"Because I'm nobody. The only kind of girl who might possibly be happy with a man like that would have to be a nobody, too—like the girl you pretended to be when I introduced you to Eddie Singleman—and I don't think I'd be willing to impose a girl like that on my sons. After all, I owe them something, too."

"How about your daughters?"

"My family doesn't have daughters. I'm the last of six sons. My brothers are all married and they've all got two or three sons each. We've always wanted daughters. We just haven't got 'em, that's all. Good night."

Della looked at me and said: "If you want to kiss me good night you can, you know."

"No. I'm still having a bad time from the last time I fell."

"Be sure to phone. At any hour. I won't be able to sleep."

I went out and rode back to Willie Kidling's. The house had been searched from top to bottom. Also the garage and the garden. The floodlights had been turned on all around the pool. The police and the Press had come and gone, and come and gone again. I got back on the bike and rode off, but I just didn't know which way to go.

When a kid is lost, nobody can think and nothing helps. The only thing that can help is for the kid to be found, with no harm done. I drove to the station, but there was no news there, either. Everything was quiet everywhere. Why wouldn't it be? It was four in the morning. I left the station and rode back to Beverly Hills.

At daybreak it came to me, and it was silly, that's all. It made sense, but it was silly, too. I raced to the Kidling house, round to the alley, and stopped there. Nothing. Nobody. I climbed the fence and went up the sloping lawn, past the pool to the tree.

I climbed the tree again, but quickly this time. Nicole was wedged between two small

The Actress And The Cop

from page 33

branches at the top of the tree, half asleep. The foliage was so thick there it wasn't easy to see her. I took her hand and said her name very softly.

"Time to come down. But be very quiet and very careful, will you?"

"Where we going?"

"You're going to your bed."

"No. I won't come down. My mother'll kill me."

"How long have you been up here, Nicole?"

"Is that the lost girl, Gunnar?"

"This is my daughter, Chuck. She gets up early and I give her a ride every Sunday morning."

"Are you sure, Gunnar? I've listened to the description all night. She answers the description."

"Little girls have a lot in common."

"If you're sure, Gunnar, any thing you say."

Chuck rode off, and now I was scared because I knew Chuck didn't believe me. I

the bath, wrapped in a heavy purple towel.

"There's a hot breakfast for you, Nicole. Please eat it and get a little sleep—in a bed this time."

"I'm wide awake," Nicole said.

"Well, eat your breakfast and just rest in bed then."

I went back to the kitchen, and after a few minutes Della came there, too.

"Is she all right?"

"I think she's a little scared."

"Well, I've done it again."

"You found her, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I should have taken her straight to her mother and father."

"Well, why in the world didn't you?"

"She didn't want me to."

"You are a nut, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am. Now, look, there's a way of straightening this whole thing out without hurting anybody—Nicole, Peg, Willie, you, the police, the Press, the people."

"What people?"

"The people who like to read about the troubles of other people."

"Oh, them," Della said. "Well, this is none of their business."

"It is now, Nicole Kidling, daughter of the famous producer, William Kidling, and the famous actress, Peggy Barker. . . . How do you like your eggs?"

"Scrambled," Della fetched the morning papers and spread them out on the kitchen table. "Oh, no!" she said. "Two pictures of Nicole on the front page, one each of Peg and Willie, and the names of just about everybody who was at the party. Well, if Peg wanted a successful party, she certainly got it. And she can thank her daughter, too. She's always felt her parties haven't gotten enough attention, not even from Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper. This party's on the wire services. If I didn't know the truth, I'd say it was a publicity stunt."

After a while Della went on: "Listen to this: The guest of honor at the party was the madcap Leonora Roma, who is to star in Mr. Kidling's next picture, 'High as a Kite'. I don't understand where they get that madcap stuff. For six long years all I've done is work very hard."

I put the plate of scrambled eggs and bacon in front of Della.

"What's the matter with you? Aren't you eating?"

"No, I can't. Please try to help me, Miss Roma. What do we do? Do we call Willie and tell him, or what?"

"I don't know why not. I'll tell him plenty, too. I've got half a mind to go on suspension. He's got his nerve plugging his picture at my expense. And Nicole's, too."

"Yes, we'd better not forget Nicole. Before you phone we'd better talk to her."

"What about?"

"The three of us have got to agree on a story that won't hurt anybody."

"Well, what's the matter with the truth?"

"No, that won't do at all."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, she was right there the whole time, and that'll make the mother and the father look silly, and the police, too. The truth'll make it look even more like a publicity stunt than it already does, too."

"I do sympathise with Peg, though."

"Of course you do."

"Oh, I don't mean about Nicole. I mean about her career. It just came to a stop five or six years ago, and she just won't quit. She gets one or two small parts a year and tries to believe she's still a star. A party a month, she aver-

ages. A big party, I mean. Two or three little ones every week. Who's important now? Who's new? Get them over to the house, and maybe something'll happen to her career. How can you expect the little girl not to be lost in an atmosphere like that? Peg just hasn't got any time for Nicole."

"Try not to be too critical of a mother until you're one yourself."

"Well, it's the truth."

"Only kids are entitled to live by the truth. The rest of us have got to live by lies."

"You don't."

"I do my best."

"By pretending to be a cop? You're no cop."

"I am, and I'm not pretending. Could you say you came home after the party and went to bed? Early in the morning Nicole walked into your bedroom and confessed that she had spent the night? Is there a place somewhere in the apartment where she might have slept?"

"Well, there's a second bedroom—very small. I almost never look in there. The maid just keeps it clean and shuts the door."

"Would that be all right with you?"

"Sure, if you think it'll be all right with everybody else."

"You're very kind, Miss Roma."

"Oh, now, look here. I asked you long ago to please lay off that Miss Roma stuff. I'm not an actress in my own home."

"O.K. We haven't got too much time. The sooner we let Peg and Willie know, the better. Do you think Nicole's rested enough now to go over the story with us?"

"What for?"

"It might be too late later, but even if it weren't, Nicole has got to agree to the story."

"That's silly. She's just a little girl."

"She isn't going to be little forever. Will you see if she's awake?"

"What's the rush?"

"The police are going to pay you a visit very soon. And when they do I'd better not be here."

"Why not?"

"I'm a cop. I'm not off duty until eight o'clock in the morning, and what am I doing here?"

"Visiting me—a friend."

"Oh, just fine. That'll be just fine, won't it?"

"Well, won't it?"

"A cop in uniform here with just about the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"More beautiful than the girl who divorced you?"

"Well, maybe not more beautiful, but certainly not less."

"Are you in love with me?"

"Suppose I were?"

"I'd ask you to buy me a little house with a large tree."

"What for?"

"So when we have a daughter she can climb it, and we can climb up after her."

"Nicole's the only daughter you and I will ever have. The only one we'll ever climb a tree about, too. We've had her, and now we've got to get her back to her mother and father."

"They won't climb a tree about her."

"They won't have to because she won't want them to, any more, after we agree on a story."

"Are you in love with our daughter, too?"

"Nicole? Of course I am. She's the first daughter in six generations of the Reykjavik family."

"No, not Nicole; our own."

"I've already told you I can't take talk like this with a grain of salt."

"I believe you really do love me."

"Yes, I believe I do."

"And I believe you believe I

To page 37

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 25, 1957

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20</p>	<p>* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in social and business circles.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a far place.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a bit of velvet.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck through the opposite sex.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in service to loved ones.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in romance.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in your own home.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, light blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck on a short journey.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a wish fulfilled.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in personal relationships.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in carrying out a plan.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in sports and pastimes.</p>	<p>* If there is a staff party at work you'll be in your glory. If you are organizing anything you're on top. Otherwise an announcement brings good fortune.</p> <p>* You'll spend some time travelling. Scattered arrangements may keep you going until the end of the week. You may be asked to help provide food for an occasion.</p> <p>* A dark cloud which has been worrying you may suddenly disappear, and you feel your financial affairs are in much better shape than expected. For some, a bonus.</p> <p>* Although you may work in the midst of a crowd, you will enjoy the co-operation of those around you, and being one of a team makes light work.</p> <p>* Bounding vitality could inspire you to reach new heights. In some way you achieve a distinction, possibly carrying with it a practical reward. Extra work will be easy.</p> <p>* Eager for good times, you may find it hard to concentrate on what you are doing, but nobody is likely to be critical. You make a brilliant showing.</p> <p>* Home is your headquarters from which you rally forth. Whether you plan new stunts, entertaining, family reunions, or add to your enjoyment, home will be important.</p> <p>* You will be rushing all over the place, but keeping firm control of the things that matter most. Work will be interrupted by lengthy conversation, hasty changes.</p> <p>* You'll be in the last-minute crowd mixing business with sociability. An agreement or major investment may crown your efforts or influence future or finances.</p> <p>* You are coming into your own and feel you are about to reach a milestone in your career. This is one of the few times when sociability and friendliness win.</p> <p>* If you've come to the end of a chapter you'll finish the job in a burst of speed. After that you relax and let other people put in their best efforts.</p> <p>* Associates warm your heart; they think a lot of you. Work, abroad or at home, will be easy in congenial company. It will be a sporting proposition.</p>	<p>* You may receive V.I.P.s in your home and add to your social prestige. In any case, you will have a lot of visitors, so be ready for unexpected guests.</p> <p>* Many of you are off to the beach, you may go camping, or you travel to see relatives or old friends. Your home may be pushed into the background.</p> <p>* Those dreams of what you intend to do at home during the holidays may come true. Aided by the whole family, you may carry out a wonderful project.</p> <p>* You collect the entire family, and you are happy to see them. That Christmas dinner means everything to you because it brings everyone together.</p> <p>* Plenty of work, possibly at the last minute, but although you'll be tired you'll be happy, especially if part of your Christmas is spent with children.</p> <p>* If you young you can hardly wait to join your pals for the good times scheduled. Some is interesting as a place to greet callers. Older folk have open house.</p> <p>* If a young married in your new home, this week will be remembered. You will struggle for perfection. If long married you may find that home has its charms.</p> <p>* There may be a few unexpected incidents at home. Someone you have not seen for years may appear, or someone else may catch you at a disadvantage.</p> <p>* You may be celebrating a very fine achievement, an added asset to the home, an honor bestowed on a member of the household, or a raise in pay.</p> <p>* Deep down you are devoting thought to the spiritual side of Christmas, but you may also be more lenient, more tolerant, less critical of those who surround you.</p> <p>* Some of you invite a lonely person to your home, others carry out a quiet plan to help those outside a family circle. You won't publicize your good deeds.</p> <p>* Friends, or amusement in some way, enter your home. You could not shut out the outside world if you tried. Friends of your family, young or old, will swarm in.</p>	<p>* Your beloved may be on top of the world. Do not deflate his happiness and bring him down to earth. It will just throw a spanner in the works.</p> <p>* You and the one-and-only have great holiday plans. If they include talks about your future, listen intently. He is likely to reveal long-considered plans.</p> <p>* That present or bit of news is going to be a ma or surprise, and you are thrilled. Others may be planning surprises, too. You will receive compliments.</p> <p>* It could be an offer of marriage or an engagement ring. If a young married, the arrival of a new baby. Otherwise you meet the man who will be the one for you.</p> <p>* You may give the one you love best more than one gift of kindness and consideration. He may need that more than just a present. It will be appreciated.</p> <p>* He will simply adore taking you to a party, and he may grow jealous because he thinks you are too popular. Bask in the sunshine of love and rivalry.</p> <p>* Of course, you'd love to bring him home and show him to the family. Invitations from his folks should be accepted eagerly. Don't worry, you'll pass inspection.</p> <p>* During the hours when you must be separated, plan ahead for those glorious moments when you are together. You'll listen for his knock at the door.</p> <p>* Love may be shown in many ways. You may be slightly disappointed because the best-beloved is conventional, has little imagination. Take intention for the deed.</p> <p>* You and your beloved should be in harmony. If it's a new love, the stars are with you. If it's an old love, it may be renewed under romantic circumstances.</p> <p>* Maybe you are both young and shy. He may be hesitant to reveal his true thoughts, and you are not much help. This will work out after a slight incident.</p> <p>* This is the starry-eyed teen-ager's big moment. You may be at the beach, at a party, but love hits you like lightning. If elders smile, why worry?</p>	<p>* A number of large social functions are more likely than small intimate gatherings. You may go along with the crowd and carry no responsibility. Enjoy yourself.</p> <p>* Those picnics, trips to the hills or beach, visits to old friends in the country are well expected. In fact, any expedition which involves travel should bring happiness.</p> <p>* You may be tempted into speculating at a sporting fixture with mixed results. Some may gain through a little blather. Otherwise you may arrange a holiday scheme.</p> <p>* The boy-friend, the marriage partner, or the family will loom in your social calculations, and you won't stir far without them. Exciting things may happen.</p> <p>* Wherever you go you'll be working like an eager beaver to keep the wheels turning. You will anticipate situations before they arise and earn thanks.</p> <p>* Dancing not only for the young. Most of your fun will be in the evening, both romantic and glamorous. You might meet an old flame or former schoolmate.</p> <p>* Some of you entertain in the garden at a barbecue, others give parties for the younger members of the family. Still others keep open house for casual visitors.</p> <p>* You will be sure to cover a lot of ground with many short journeys in different directions. An important conversation could have a bearing on social activities.</p> <p>* An idea which you have been toying with may suddenly develop into a full-fledged reality. It may keep you busy, but you can carry it out triumphantly.</p> <p>* You'll take the initiative, assume leadership in all plans. You are quite clear about what you want, how you want it, and you go briskly to your goal.</p> <p>* You take a back seat and do not mind. With a little thinking to do, you would rather slip out of the limelight, but you find time to help others.</p> <p>* Your popularity is shining so brightly that you feel quite the glamorous boy. You'll be a live wire wherever you are, and will receive many compliments.</p>
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don't mean a word I'm saying.

"Yes, I believe that, too."

"Well, marriage isn't everything, and I've been married twice, as you know."

"Yes, it's like money all right. It isn't everything."

"It turns a good man into a husband overnight, and I just can't stand them — mine or anybody else's."

"Well, in a way we've been married, anyhow, we've had an eight-year-old daughter in a tree, and maybe that's as good as we'd ever be likely to do, in any case."

Della got up and came around the table. "Well," she said, "let's kiss our little marriage goodbye, then, and go about our business, shall we?"

"Yes, I think that that's the grown-up thing to do."

I held her head in my hands a moment, and then I put one on her forehead just above her watching left eye. I felt proud of myself for watching it so well.



So convenient—so effective
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Continuing . . .

The Actress And The Cop

from page 36

"Cold," Della said. "Courteous and cold, as a goodbye kiss should be from a man from Iceland."

"Well, that takes care of the marriage."

"Now," Della said, "one to take care of our daughter—on the mouth."

Well, she was there, with her mouth open in a little smile, so what could I do? I put one there, too, only I didn't watch it very well, and there went four arms around two people all of a sudden—one of them Della Harrigan and the other myself, whoever I am, so far from Iceland, so many years later.

I kept trying to watch it, but I just couldn't. There just wasn't anything else to do but let Iceland melt and go, and hold on to Della forever. I just might have done it, too, if I hadn't heard a lot of car doors slamming, and there down in the street I saw the police and Press getting out of cars and running into the building.

"Well, here they come, and we haven't got Nicole's approval of the story. Better use it just the same. I'll go out the back."

"There is no back," Della said.

The door chime sounded, and then somebody knocked softly.

"You open it," Della said.

I went to the door, trying to clear my head on the way. I opened the door and they came in—my boss, Captain Salvi, Chuck Englehart, two other cops, the paper-delivery boy, three men with flash cameras, and three others—reporters, most likely.

"Can we please try to be

quiet, Captain Salvi? The little girl's asleep."

Captain Salvi went to work asking me questions, and I tried my best to answer them without hurting anybody, especially Nicole and Della.

Captain Salvi said: "Reykjavik, if what you say is true, and the girl spent the night here, I'd like the Press to see her. This case has created a great deal of public interest, and we owe it to the people to let them know the child is all right."

Della looked at me. "If you'll come with me, please," she said, "you may bring her out."

"Have I your permission, Captain Salvi?"

"Please do as Miss Roma says."

Della led the way down the long hall to her bedroom. She opened the door and we went in. Nicole was not in Della's bed. Della closed the door behind her quickly, bolted it, and I went to the night table and picked up a piece of letter paper on which a message had been printed in pencil.

I handed Della the message. "I heard what you said. You're just like all the others. Goodbye, Nicole K."

"Well, what in the world did we say?"

"Who knows? Well, we've got to go back and tell 'em the truth, that's all. From the beginning to the end. Otherwise we'll never get out of this. Come on."

"But what about Nicole? Where is she now?"

"She's probably back in the tree. Come on; the longer we stay in here the worse it is for you."

"I can't be bothered about that."

Della began to dial the telephone on the night table. "Willie?" she said suddenly into the phone. "This is very important. Don't ask any questions. Just do what I tell you. Run out into the garden to the tree and look up, and then run right back, will you? I'll be waiting." She put down the phone. "What do you think?"

"Well, I can only hope she is back in the tree, because then this whole thing will be worked out the way it ought to be—except, of course, for you. I mean, on account of me. What's the Press going to think about that?"

"I don't know and I don't care," Della said. "Do you?"

"I certainly don't want to involve you in a silly scandal."

"So it turns out the whole world believes you're a boy-friend, as the saying is. So what?"

"If it's O.K. with you, it's O.K. with me. Boy-friend it is, then."

"If the worst came to the worst, we could even get married."

"You don't want to get married."

"Of course I don't, but we could just the same, couldn't we?"

"I couldn't marry somebody who didn't want to get married. I'm no gigolo, or whatever they are."

"Well," Della said, "if the little girl's safe at home, maybe I'll want to get married."

She began talking into the phone again suddenly. "Willie? Yes, I'm here."

She listened a moment, and then she said, "Now, listen,

will you? Go and wake up Peg, and both of you climb the tree, and meet your daughter. I think you'll like her. Yes, you've got to do that! Both of you. But make it fast, because half the world is going to be there in a few minutes."

Della listened a moment, and then she said, "Of course he's here. We're going to be married." She listened a moment again, and then she said, "What do you mean, I should think twice about a thing like that? I've already thought twice. If Grace Kelly can marry the Prince of Monaco, and Rita Hayworth can marry Aly Khan of India, why can't Della Harrigan marry a man from Iceland? What do I care what it'll do to the box-office?"

Della made a face into the phone: "And look, Willie, if you're finished being worried about Nicole because she's home again, and now you're worried about 'High as a Kite,' maybe you'd better get another girl, because I'm really a little tired of working, anyway. I might just like to go to Iceland and have a look at the place, and if I like it I might just want to stay, too. I'm glad Nicole is safe in the tree again. Goodbye."

She hung up.

"Would you like to take me on a voyage to Iceland?"

"I've never been there, but I certainly would. In the meantime, I believe there's some people outside the door, listening."

"Well, suppose we talk a little louder, then?"

"I'm game."

"Well, then, ask me to be your wife," Della whispered.

"Della," I said in a loud clear voice, "will you be my wife?"

"Yes, I will, Gunnar. Will you take me to Iceland?"

"Yes, I will."

"In that case," Della said, "swing the door open and let's embrace for the police and the Press, and then you can carry me across the threshold of my boudoir. After that, I want to go to sleep, while you go and turn in your bike, your badge, and your cap."

I went to the door, unbolted it, opened it, and there stood Captain Salvi, Chuck Englehart, three cameramen, three reporters, the paper-delivery boy, and six or seven people I'd never seen before.

"Nicole Kidling is safe at home. Della Harrigan has consented to be my wife, and as soon as we're married I'm taking her on a voyage to Iceland, the land of my ancestors."

I went to Della, who was standing at the window with her lovely back turned to police, Press, publicity, pictures, and people in general.

"Della?"

She turned around. "There's always a first time, you know," she said.

"Which first time are you thinking of?"

"That your family has a daughter."

"Yes, it could happen."

"Let's kiss to that, then."

I didn't need to watch it any more, so I really kissed her this time. A lot of voices made strange human sounds, camera lights flashed, trees sprang up all over the place with a little girl in every one of them, and I just couldn't be bothered any more about Captain Salvi, police rules and regulations, or law and order.

I just couldn't be bothered any more about anybody except Della Harrigan and the daughter we both hoped to find in a tree some day.

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HAPPY XMAS



"Who feels like a turkey sandwich?"



and he found it an effort to follow any but the simplest lines of thought. He was in a four-bedded ward of the ship's hospital. He had vague memories of Ann and Fellows, of confusing interrogations in which they had tried to find out how far he had progressed in his return to lucidity. He had no idea of the passage of time.

It was now daytime, and he was alone. He had just awakened from a deep sleep; no doubt they had given him a sedative, though he had no memory of it. His mouth was dry and he was conscious of a sense of lassitude and depression. He might have been coming round from some shameful debauch.

Anxiously he tried to get himself back into focus, to arrange his ideas into a pattern, though he found that concentration tended to increase his headache. In his mind there lurked a terror that his brain might have been permanently damaged—there was something very alarming about this gap in his memory. He was prepared to put up with any degree of effort or pain to prove to himself that his faculties were unimpaired.

There was a bell at his bedside and he pressed it. A few minutes later the door opened and he saw Ann. She stood at the end of his bed, smiling.

"Awake at last?" she said.

He tried to nod his head and stopped suddenly, wincing. "What happened to me?" he asked.

"Concussion. Somebody hit you on the head."

"Who?"

"We don't know. We thought perhaps you might be able to tell us."

"The last thing I remember is squirting around the galley with a fire-extinguisher. Was

it there that I got knocked out?"

"No. You'd left there." "Then I don't remember—" He said querulously. "Do you mind sitting down? You worry me, standing there at the foot of the bed."

"All right." She drew up a chair beside the bed. Looking at her, he was vaguely conscious that there was some cause of embarrassment between them, though for the moment he could not recollect what it was. In any case, there were more basic problems to resolve first.

"What day is it?" he asked.

THE days of the week have little meaning at sea. Apart from Sunday, their individuality is negligible. The tendency is to think of the time in terms of location. She answered, "We're one day out of Port Said."

"I've been unconscious for twenty-four hours?"

"Not so much, really. You'd have been awake earlier if we hadn't given you an injection." Seeing his anxiety, she spoke to reassure him. "It's nothing really serious. You'll be up and about in a day or two."

"Good." But his fears were not completely allayed; perhaps she was trying to soothe him. "And I'll be able to think all right?"

She laughed. "Of course."

"I'm still pretty muddled at the moment, I can tell you."

"That's usual. It always passes off."

She stood up, and he said quickly, "Don't go."

"I thought you might want to go to sleep again."

"No."

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

[from page 21]

"Would you like to sit up?" "Yes, please."

He spoke shortly, checking each sentence with care before putting it into speech. The effort of sitting up while she arranged the pillows was more disturbing than he had anticipated. The throbbing in his head was intensified. Nevertheless, when he was finally settled in his new position he felt a sense of achievement. A definite advance had been made. It had been worth it.

She went back to her chair. As they looked at each other in silence, the atmosphere of constraint returned. David searched his mind for a cause. His memories lay in his mind like a shuffled pack of cards, without logic or sequence—vainly he turned over one after another searching for a clue to their arrangement. Surely Ann could help him, if only she would lay aside this brisk professionalism and come closer to him. He stretched out a hand towards her.

"Darling . . ."

She shook her head, not unkindly. His hand dropped back on to the sheet. "You still haven't got everything straight yet," she said.

"I know. I'm still confused."

"—"

He stopped suddenly. His memory was beginning to return. The shuffled cards fell one by one into order. As the details of the events preceding his concussion came back to him, he found himself wishing that recollection had been delayed a little longer, until he had more strength to deal with it.

He looked at Ann unhappily. He was aware of her patience and dignity, the enormous sense of reassurance she gave. She had loved him once, perhaps still did. He felt shame for the way he had treated her.

He put out his hand to touch hers, caressing her fingers gently. She suffered him for a moment, and then took her hand away.

"I must be going," she said.

"Not just yet."

She made no move to go. The light began to fade. Through the porthole he could see the heaving of the grey sea, the movements of the clouds above it. Now that they were in the Mediterranean it was winter. In a week they would be in England.

"I've been wanting to say—" he said awkwardly, "—that I'm sorry. I've behaved very badly."

"About what?"

"About Julia."

For a moment her attitude showed signs of disintegration. She suddenly rose from her seat and went over to close one of the portholes. When she sat down again she was as calm as ever. Her features, he thought, were like a regiment of soldiers trained to discipline. It was impossible to break the formation for long.

"I'd sooner we didn't talk about that."

"Yes. I understand. But there are one or two things I want you to know—" He stumbled on. It was impossible, he knew, to express adequately what he wanted to say.

"You see, I quite realise that you're worth ten of her."

"What am I to say to that?"

she said with mild irony.

"Thank you very much?"

"No, of course not." He fell silent. He had hoped to be able to tell her that his preference for Julia had been a result of deficiencies not in Ann, but in himself. But the right words eluded him. However he phrased it, he would sound vain and egotistical. Why, after all, should she care about his motives?

"I think," she said, as if making a decision, "I'd better try to make something clear to you. I know what you're struggling to tell me—I knew it all along. You were fond of me in your way, but it wasn't enough to be really important. Just at the moment you want me back again. I look good to you here because I'm on home ground. Illness is my job. If I can't make an impression on you now I never will be able to. But I remember the first time you saw Julia."

ANN was trying to speak dispassionately, but she could not conceal the effort required to mention Julia's name. "At Castel's that night we went dancing in Sydney. She was on her home ground then. By comparison I was just dowdy and uninteresting. So you fell in love with her."

He wanted to deny it, but could not bring himself to do so. It was the truth, and they both knew it. By denying it he would not convince her—he would merely degrade himself.

"You must think me utterly contemptible," he said miserably.

"No. Just not very grown-up. It's understandable. You came straight from school into this sort of existence, which doesn't bear very much relationship to real life as it's

lived ashore. You meet a lot of people, but always under artificial circumstances, away from their background, so that you never really know them at all. Especially women.

"You haven't any clear idea of what they're like, or what you want from them. I can see you have to find out," her voice trembled, "—but I don't want it to be at my expense."

"I promise you—" He stopped himself. Was not that, in itself, an adolescent thing to say?—no man can make promises about his future emotions. And could he, even now, guarantee that if Julia came into the room he would feel no stab of desire, no weakening of his resolution? Suddenly he felt heavy, exhausted. The conversation had drained his vitality; he wanted only to sleep.

"I can't talk any more," he said wearily.

She got up immediately, her eyes anxious. "Are you all right?"

"Just very tired."

"I knew it was a mistake to talk so much." She let down the bed-rest so that he was lying flat again, rearranged the pillows and the bedclothes. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Does the light from the porthole bother you? I can draw the curtain."

"No, leave it." He had an obscure terror of waking up and not knowing whether it was day or night.

"Now, don't worry about anything. Forget what we were talking about. It's important for you to rest. And ring for me whenever you want."

He closed his eyes and let his head sink into the pillow. The throbbing in the right

To page 39

temple was still present, but duller, less urgent. Through the lassitude that enveloped him he was conscious of the rustle of her clothing as she bent over him, the faint touch of her lips on his cheek. "Sleep well . . ."

In the morning he felt better and was allowed to sit up in a chair. He found himself a little unsteady on his feet, but not so much as he had feared. A shave, and a smaller dressing on his head, did wonders for his appearance.

After breakfast Fellows came in to examine him. When he had finished he said, "How's the head?"

"Not so bad. It hurts much less today."

"Your nervous system's quite normal."

"I'm glad of that."

"Presumably," Fellows explained, "there hasn't been any bleeding inside your skull. You've been lucky—it was quite a blow."

"I suppose," said David thoughtfully, "that it must have been one of the greasers who hit me?"

"That's the presumption. But it's not going to be too easy to pin it down. The captain was working on them all yesterday without getting anywhere. Most of them were barricaded in around the store-rooms—they couldn't possibly have had anything to do with it. Presumably there must have been one or two others wandering about separately, but who they are we don't know. Everything was in such confusion."

"Yes." It occurred to David that there was an important gap in his knowledge. "How did it all end?"

Fellows gave him an account of the closing scenes of the riot.

"Rather a triumph for Slade," said David at the end.

"Yes. The general feeling is that the men were so surprised to see him that it put them right off their stride. Of course, it's a wonderful topic of conversation."

"I can imagine."

"It's put the Cranston-Smith affair quite in the shade."

"Has he done anything about that?"

"Yes. I don't know what's got into the old boy. According to report he summoned her to the Presence yesterday and fairly tore into her. Practically told her she was making a nuisance of herself about nothing and that he had more important matters to deal with. If she wanted to take an action when she got back to England she could do so for all he cared. She retired in floods of tears."

"And Floyd?"

"I don't know quite what he's up to. Slade flatly refuses to see him. He posted a sentry on the steps leading up to the bridge to see no one goes up there without permission."

"What happened about the greasers?"

"He had them all up and lodged them. They're confined to the ship until we get home, and then it's up to the directors to decide whether to prosecute them. I should think they will. There's been quite a lot of damage."

David nodded appreciatively. Slade appeared to be at last attacking his problems with commendable decisiveness. His success in quelling the riot seemed to have put new life into him. "That doesn't sound too bad," he said. "Is that all?"

"All that I know of. Though I have an idea that there's some sort of a crisis in the purser's office this morning. Ackerman's very anxious to see you—alone."

David laughed. "He's probably spilt a bottle of ink on the passenger list. But you'd better let him in, all the same."

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

[from page 38]

Ackerman closed the door and advanced solemnly towards the chair.

"Hello, Ackers," said David cheerfully.

"Hello."

Immediately, from his voice, it was obvious that something was seriously wrong. David began to feel a pulse beating rapidly in his head. He said, "What's the matter?"

Ackerman did not reply directly. As he came nearer, the light from the porthole fell on his usually cheerful face. Today it was drawn with anxiety.

"Are you feeling all right?" he asked David.

"Yes."

"Because what I'm going to tell you might be rather a shock. I hope you can stand it."

"Yes," said David impatiently, "of course I can. For heaven's sake come out with it. What's happened?"

Ackerman swallowed. "I was checking over the safe last night. There's some money missing."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

For a moment David looked at him speechlessly. Then he said, in a voice which seemed to him quite unlike his own, "But how—are you sure?"

"Yes," Ackerman gave a short, forced laugh. "You can imagine that Bodkin and I checked it pretty carefully. You know these bundles of fifty-dollar bills we took on in San Francisco?"

David nodded.

"Well, the back rows were missing. The rows in front were exactly as usual, so that at a casual glance you wouldn't notice anything wrong. Somebody must have taken those bundles out, removed the back row, and replaced the front ones again. It had been done very carefully. As a matter of fact it was pure chance that Bodkin spotted it. He just happened to move one of the bundles to make room for something else, and he noticed there was nothing behind it."

HE looked at David in helpless misery, as if this final catastrophe was almost more than he could stand. He saw the ruins of a promising career lying at his feet. The possible consequences were no less serious for David himself, but the sight of Ackerman's despair was sufficient to demonstrate the necessity of keeping his head. He struggled to come to grips with the problem. A pattern was emerging. He tested the facts he knew, one by one, to see if they would fit. Then he said to Ackerman, "There was no sign of violence to the safe?"

"None whatever."

"So that means—a key. You and I are the only ones who have keys. Can you account for yours?"

Ackerman nodded. He produced a ring of keys from his trouser pocket. "It's on the ring here. I'll swear it's never been out of my possession."

David said, "Would you pass me my coat?"

Ackerman went to the wardrobe and took out his clothes. He laid them on the bed and David ran through the pockets several times. Everything else was there, even his wallet containing money—but no keys.

"They're not there?" asked Ackerman.

"No." David rose from his chair and began to take off his dressing-gown.

"I say," Ackerman protested, "are you all right? I mean—"

"Don't worry about me. I feel fine." In fact, he felt more than a little light-headed, but there was no object in saying

so. Within ten minutes he was dressed. Looking in the mirror, he decided that his appearance would pass. Apart from a certain pallor, he looked relatively normal.

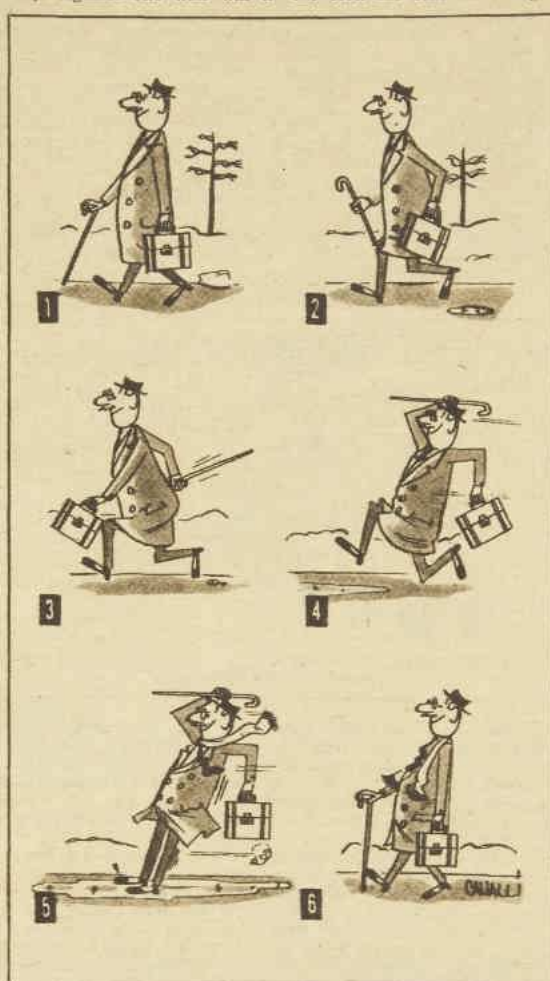
"We'll go to my cabin first."

The cabin was tidy and showed no sign of having been broken into or disturbed in any way. Against one wall was a

but there was nothing to be learnt from them. Ackerman still said nothing. His embarrassment hung heavy in the air. David said, "I didn't leave them here."

"You didn't?"

"No. It's the sort of thing one might do, by carelessness every now and then. But not this time. You see, I remember locking the safe before I went up to see the captain during the riot. He sent me straight



desk which served also as a dressing-table. David pulled out the drawers one by one and began to search through them. He found nothing of significance.

Then, as he was about to turn away, he picked up a stud-box which was lying on the desk and opened it. Inside, among studs, cuff-links, collar-bones, shoe-laces, and other bric-a-brac, was lying a bunch of keys.

Ackerman said nothing. David scrutinised the keys,

down to see about the fire in the galley—so I must have been carrying them then."

Ackerman could not conceal his relief. "So the man who knocked you out must have pinched them?"

"Yes. I should imagine he saw me moving about on my own in the accommodation and suddenly saw his opportunity. He could hit me on the head and pinch the keys—everybody would assume it had just happened in the course of the fighting. Then, that night, he

could take the money out of the safe, lock it, and put the keys back in this box, hoping I'd think I left them here by mistake. I probably would have done, if you hadn't told me the money was missing."

"Yes," said Ackerman, "I suppose it's possible . . ."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. It's just—well, it would take some nerve, wouldn't it? And the man would have to know what he was doing, even if he had your keys. There aren't many of our chaps I can imagine being able to pull it off."

"Yes. That's quite true." Suddenly he felt very tired. "Who knows about this so far?"

"Only Bodkin and ourselves. I thought I ought to let you know first."

"I'm glad you did." He smiled as reassuringly as he could. "It's my problem now. Don't worry about it. Whatever happens, they can't blame you."

"Or you, if it comes to that."

"No—not reasonably."

David spoke with more conviction than he felt. The attitude of the company would not necessarily be governed by mere reason. There was a natural tendency to blame somebody, if not specifically, at least by implication. Far too many things had happened on this voyage to be written off entirely to bad luck. The theft of the money was liable to be the last straw.

IT would mean trouble for all of them—himself, Ackerman, Bodkin. And, of course, the captain, since the captain took an indirect responsibility for everything that happened aboard the ship.

It could well be argued that if the captain had managed the crew better there would have been no riot, and hence no opportunity to attack the purser in the confusion and hence no robbery of the safe . . . And so on. There was never any difficulty in establishing such a chain of guilt if they felt so inclined.

It was vital, for all their sakes, that the money should be recovered. It must be still on board the ship. Whoever had taken it would be hoping that the theft would remain undiscovered until he had been able to get the money ashore at Naples.

"I'm going up to see the captain now," David said.

"Do you want me to come, too?"

"Not for the moment. He may want to speak to you later, though."

"O.K. I'll go back to the office, then. Best of luck."

"Thanks."

As they went out of the cabin

door, Ackerman said, "I wonder who on earth it could be."

"I wonder," said David. But in his own mind he had no doubt whatever.

"And you think," said the captain, "that you know who did it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

David's mouth was dry. He swallowed and said, "A man named Dillon, sir."

Slade wrinkled his brows. "I don't think I've heard of him."

"He's a steward. He was only signed on at Melbourne." He hesitated, searching for the best method of approach. "I have reason to believe that he's a man with a criminal record, travelling on a false passport."

"How do you know this?"

"Well, sir—I suppose I'd better explain." He went on miserably. "The truth is that I was responsible for getting him on the ship."

"You knew he had forged papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why on earth—?"

"I did it to oblige—some people I knew in Sydney. They assured me he hadn't done anything seriously wrong." It was true, he reminded his conscience—Mr. Johnson had said . . . On the other hand, he could not pretend to himself that he was being entirely honest with the captain.

Slade regarded him grimly. "You realise," he said, "the gravity of what you've done?"

"I do indeed, sir."

"I hope so. But we'll come back to that later." He made a few notes on a sheet of paper. "I don't see how you can be sure that he's the man."

"I can't prove it but I'm absolutely certain. It was obviously a professional job."

"Yes," said Slade, "I'll agree with you about that. Whoever did this was a person of experience and intelligence. The question is—what is he likely to do now?"

"My information is that he's going to jump ship at Naples."

"I see." Slade was silent for a moment. "Even if you're right, this isn't going to be too easy to handle. We could do with some expert assistance. Fortunately we're getting into Naples tomorrow evening. I think the best thing would be to get somebody from their police department to come on with the pilot. I'll arrange for that. Then we can see what he advises. In the meantime we'll keep the affair between ourselves. We shall stand a better chance of catching him if he thinks we haven't yet discovered the theft. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, sir. I'll tell Ackerman and Bodkin to say nothing."

"Good. Now," Slade said heavily, "for your own position."

He took the sheet of paper on which he had been making notes, looked over it carefully, and dropped it back on to his desk. Then he sat for a little while in silence, as if wondering how to begin. Finally he lifted his head and looked David squarely in the eyes.

"Do you want to stay with this ship?" he asked. The approach was unexpected. David was ready to stand up against invective; he had braced himself to take whatever the captain had to give in that connection. He had, after all, deserved it. But he was not prepared for answering difficult questions. He floundered.

"I want you to think before you reply," the captain went on. "I know perfectly well that a lot of you young men in the purser's department get tired of their life after a few years. You're not like the deck officers, who are tied to the sea by their training. Now, if you are one of those who are just waiting around until an attractive job

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

MY eldest son, now married with two bonny sons, pays me my nicest compliment regularly each year. Always on his birthday he turns up at home with a large box of chocolates for me and greets me with:

"Hi, Mum! Here's to the day we met!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. S. Forsyth, 51 Main Street, Osborne Park, W.A.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

BEING rather self-conscious about wearing glasses, I said one day, "I do wish I didn't have to wear them."

My brother-in-law replied: "I like glasses on you. They make you look intelligent."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. K. Watts, 7 Santaram Street, South Oakleigh, Vic.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

To page 40

ashore comes up, there's no use my wasting my breath on you. We'll sign you off at the end of the voyage and that's that.

"On the other hand, you may be just a silly young fool who's done a silly, dangerous thing out of sheer irresponsibility." He paused. "Now you've had time to think. You might as well be honest. Do you want to stay with this ship?"

The moment was here at last. He could no longer deal in wish-fulfilment and fantasy. He must take the irrevocable step. And, suddenly, in that moment, he knew he could not take it. Something had changed him during this voyage, without his knowledge. Was it the assumption of responsibility, the failure of his affair with Julia? He did not know. But when the issue was put squarely before him, he did not want to leave the sea.

He had thought at one time that the ship could run itself, that there was no real work worthy of his talents, but recent events had proved him wrong. There was a job for him to do, of which the despised cocktails and the dancing and tombola were only an insignificant fraction. Perhaps, if the captain would stand by him, he would be allowed to remain here and do it as best he could—to complete the painful and laborious process of his growing up.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'd like to stay."

"You mean that?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to realise that even if you do, it isn't very likely that you'll be allowed to. As I've said before, I don't like breaking a man for one offence, but the decision may not rest with me. If that money isn't recovered, the directors will want a full explanation of how the thief got on the ship. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

"That would mean the end of you," he paused. "If we get the money back, there's no great harm done and it may be possible to manage things differently. After all, I do give you credit for the fact that you've made a clean breast of your part in the affair. It might, under those circumstances, be reasonable for me to regard this conversation as confidential."

"Thank you, sir," said David. He added awkwardly, "I'm very grateful."

"Don't speak too soon," the captain cut in. "You may have nothing to be grateful about. I don't want you to get the idea that I'm taking an indulgent view of this. I might as well tell you now—" he looked at David with distaste, "—that I think that you have behaved disgracefully and betrayed the trust put in you by the company. It's particularly deplorable that this should have happened on the first occasion when you were given charge of your department."

"I'm very sorry, sir." "It's extremely disappointing to me personally, since on the whole I thought you were taking the responsibility very well. But it seems you are not so mature as I had thought."

David winced. This was the second time within twenty-four hours that he had been brought face to face with his own immaturity. It was a novel and painful experience.

The captain grunted disgustfully and went on, "However, if the money's found and it's left to me to decide, I'm prepared to take a chance on you. I'm hoping that you will have learnt enough to teach you to behave yourself in future. If you haven't, there's no place for you in this company."

He forced himself to look at David. Behind the conventional expression of severity there was pain in his eyes. Now any fail-

Continuing . . .

The Round Voyage

from page 39

ure on the part of one of his officers was a reminder of his own failure in the past. His offer of leniency had been prompted to some extent by a sense of guilt. Could he be sure that lack of leadership from above was not partly responsible for this young man's foolishness?

He pushed aside such unprofitable speculations. "That's all," he said.

At night the Bay of Naples was a glittering semicircle of light reflected in the waters of the bay. The Capricorn stopped and dropped her anchor. Launches bobbed around her gangway, discharging clouds of officials. The shipping agent came aboard, accompanied by the British consul; after paying a call on the captain, they departed, bearing with them the Raymonds, for whom a special reception had been organised ashore. The remainder of the passengers and crew stood by the rail and argued about the precise position of Vesuvius. It had been announced that the ship would dock on the following morning and leave again at dusk.

About an hour after they had anchored, David was summoned to the captain's cabin. Sitting opposite to Slade was a slight, dark, thin-faced man in an olive-green raincoat; as David came in he rose to his feet and smiled, a reserved cat-like smile. A cluster of tiny wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes.

The captain said, "This is Mr. Howard, our purser."

The man held out his hand. "Ricardo," he announced in a staccato voice.

They shook hands and sat down.

"Signor Ricardo is from the police department in Naples," said the captain. "He's here to help us in connection with the theft from the office. Fortunately, he speaks excellent English."

"Thank you," Ricardo explained modestly. "I was an interpreter with the American Army two years."

"I've explained the position to him. He seems quite optimistic about it."

Ricardo took one of the captain's cigarettes out of a box by his side. "You permit?"

"By all means, help yourself." Slade pushed a lighter across towards him. Ricardo lit his cigarette and puffed at it with leisurely enjoyment.

"I think maybe we can do something," he said. "But we must go about it carefully. Firstly, I wish to know this: which do you want to get more, the man or the money?"

"The money is the important thing," said Slade.

"That's as I thought. No use getting the man if he throws the notes over the side first, ha?"

"Exactly."

"So we must go for him—" he made a sinuous movement with his hand, "—delicately. That eliminates certain conventional methods of investigation. For instance, searching the ship. We should need twenty men to do that properly, and by the time we were finished the money would certainly be at the bottom of the harbor. The same difficulty applies to an interrogation."

"I doubt whether you'd get anywhere," said the captain.

"I agree. For a successful interrogation one requires a co-operative attitude on the part of at least some of those interrogated. In my experience, sailors, especially foreign sailors, are very rarely co-operative with the police. Particularly in a matter of this sort. After all, why should they care if the company has been robbed?" He gave his curious, tight-

lipped grin again. "They are probably pleased."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"Taking it for granted," said Ricardo, "that this steward—what is his name—?"

"Dillon."

"Dillon. Yes. Then taking it that he is the man we want, he will be planning to get the money ashore at Naples. Correct? Then we shall do the simple, sensible thing—we shall wait for him to go ashore. Then we shall catch him with the money. It is obvious."

"Yes," said David. There was doubt in his voice. Ricardo's plan was, he felt, rather too simple. He could not believe that Dillon would allow himself to be trapped so easily.

Ricardo looked at him sharply. It seemed as if his vanity had been hurt. "There is something wrong with the plan?"

"No, not really. It's just that—

—he's a pretty sharp sort of

was called. Everything was to be left to Ricardo. As always on entering port there was a great deal of work to do, and the three pursers were kept busy during the morning. But throughout it all they listened eagerly for the telephone. David knew that the anxiety of Ackerman and Bodkin must be almost as great as his own. He tried, with little success, to keep his mind on what he was doing.

Lunchtime came, and there was no word. Surely Dillon must have gone ashore by now? David wondered whether Ricardo really knew his job—he had seemed rather casual and overconfident the night before. Perhaps . . . a dozen gloomy possibilities occurred to him. With each half-hour that passed the outlook appeared more hopeless.

At half-past two the telephone rang. David snatched the receiver off the hook.

"Mr. Howard?"

"Yes."

"Ricardo here." The voice



"You notice that whenever you get down to cases, he starts that ho-ho-ho stuff."

fellow, you know. I don't think we should underestimate him."

"But he has to get the money ashore," pointed out Ricardo rather irritably. "You must agree with that?"

"Oh, yes."

"And remember also that he does not know that he is suspected. That will make him less cautious."

"That's true," David gave way. Perhaps he was being unnecessarily pessimistic.

"We shall not only watch him, of course. Everyone who leaves the ship—crew and passengers—will be scrutinised and if necessary searched. Such a quantity of notes cannot be concealed in a man's pocket."

"No. They'll make a sizeable package."

"I have men who are very used to such matters," He turned to Slade. "Do not worry. Captain. He will not be able to get them past us."

They moved into dock at ten o'clock the next morning.

Naples, in the bleak January daylight, was like a beautiful but ageing woman after a late night. There were low clouds covering all the hills around, and on the city itself descended a thin, persistent drizzle more typical of Scotland than of Campania.

The rain dripped over the sides of the congested gutters, ran down the peeling stucco walls, and accumulated in pools on the pavements, where barefooted urchins paddled and splashed each other. The adults cursed and huddled together in doorways. The passengers on the Capricorn put on their mackintoshes and stood by the rail, glaring resentfully at this damp and dilapidated prospect, so different from the colored photographs issued by the travel bureau.

They were cheered later when the rain stopped and they went ashore in an unexpected excess of heat.

David had been instructed to stay in the office until he

and there with grease spots. He looked like a man who had spent an unprofitable morning.

He came forward and motioned to David to accompany him. In silence they walked into the Customs shed. The plainclothes man knocked at the door of a small office. Inside was Ricardo, sitting on a chair underneath a narrow, grimy window.

When they were both seated he said, "Your friend Dillon did not have the money."

Though David had been prepared for bad news, the reality was nevertheless a shock. "You searched him?"

"Naturally. And also several other men, so as not to give the impression that he alone was suspected."

There was a silence. "I don't understand," said David. "What do you suppose could have happened?"

"There are several possible explanations. He might have induced a friend to take the money ashore for him. But I do not think so. Everybody, passengers and crew, was carefully scrutinised. A parcel of that size could not be concealed from us. He might have decided to leave the money on board." He paused. "There is also, of course, a third possibility."

He allowed his words to hang significantly in the air. It was obvious what he meant. "You mean," said David uncomfortably, "that he might not be the man?"

"Yes," Ricardo spread his hands, palms upwards. "But then—how should I know? I am told so little. Your captain says—this man Dillon is a criminal, he has a forged passport. I ask, how is this known? But the captain says he cannot tell me. It is—he says—what is the word?" Ricardo made a pretence of trying to remember, then brought out the word, savoring it like a connoisseur. "—Confidential. Ha?"

"Yes."

"And then there is you. You are certain he takes the money and will get off the ship at Naples. I wonder how you are so certain." He shrugged his shoulders. "Also confidential."

He waited for comment, but David said nothing. "Very well—it is your money. I cannot compel you to confide in me. But it is difficult to do one's best work under such circumstances."

"I quite understand that," said David sympathetically. "None of us will blame you if things go wrong."

"So," Ricardo nodded his head sharply in appreciation, and disposed of the subject. "Now perhaps you will be interested to know where he is at this moment?"

"You had him followed?"

"Of course. He made very careful attempts to evade my men, which perhaps has some significance in itself. I am hoping he thinks he has succeeded."

"Where is he?"

"He is at a place known as the Ristorante Mirabella. You know it?"

"No."

"It is a place which one might expect such a man to visit. It is—" his voice took on an ironical note, "—very quiet and convenient. Men go there to meet each other. You understand?"

"Yes." Like the teashop in Sydney, he thought. He could almost hear Mr. Johnson's voice, see those full lips pouting over his lump of brown, sodden sugar. "I understand."

"He has been sitting there for half an hour. I have two men watching him. He appears to be waiting for somebody. It occurred to me that you might like to go and watch also. If he is to meet somebody from the ship, you would recognise them."

"Yes—certainly." He tried to sound agreeable, even pleased, but the proposal filled him with dismay. He had no wish to be present when Dillon was arrested. Knowing the man, it was only too likely that he would try to drag as many people down with him as possible, and the sight of David among his pursuers would be more than enough to enrage him. This was a most undesirable development. But there was no way of avoiding it.

"Borromeo will take you." The plainclothes man got up from his chair and ushered David out. He led the way through the Customs House into the street. Outside the dock gate he signalled to a taxi and muttered something inaudible into the driver's ear.

It was an old taxi, and the back seat smelt faintly but unmistakably of cats. David considered the advisability of attempting to establish some rudimentary form of communication with Borromeo, but decided against it. The detective appeared to be a man of melancholy and taciturn disposition.

After a while he slipped off one of his pointed brown shoes and began to massage a bunion on his right foot.

They passed through the centre of the town and headed east. Here the tenements rose like canyon walls on either side of the narrow, festering streets. The women sat in the doorways or hung out their washing from one balcony to another, carrying on interminable conversations which seemed at any moment to be about to resolve themselves in violence. Below them the children, dark, savage,

To page 42

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BOOBOOK OWL (*Ninox boobook*), above. This small brown owl is common in settled districts. Its cheery little two-syllable note is a feature of spring and summer evenings — "boobook, boobook, boobook," or, as it sounds to some people, "more pork, more pork." Australia has about ten different owls. Picture taken by Mr. P. Slater, Claremont, W.A.

THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN

TAWNY FROGMOUTH (*Podargus strigoides*) with its baby, below. A well-known Australian, this frogmouth is sometimes wrongly called a mopoke. However, its call is "oom, oom, oom." When frightened it fluffs its feathers to appear larger and opens its bill to disclose a frightening yellow inside. It is harmless and feeds on insects. Picture by Mr. N. Chaffer, Sydney.



ill-clad, and barefooted, played in the gutters, scattering at each blast of a motor-horn, pelting the cars with garbage as they passed by.

Borromeo paid off the taxi on a corner. They began to walk. After passing through a maze of alleys they came out at the back door of a tenement. Borromeo opened the door and walked along a dark corridor and up a staircase. He seemed to know the house well.

They were in an apartment which consisted of two rooms, a bed-sitting-room of moderate size and a tiny kitchen. The main room contained a threadbare carpet, two ancient plush chairs, one with a gaping knife wound in the seat, an unmade bed imperfectly concealed behind a torn lace curtain, and the smell of cheap brandy.

It was a corner room and there were two windows, one on each exterior wall. At the larger of these was sitting a small, parchment-faced man in a singlet and a pair of old flannel trousers.

When they entered, the man turned round and said something to Borromeo. Borromeo grunted a reply and then an instruction. The man grinned, displaying an array of stunted, blackened teeth and went into the kitchen.

Borromeo took his place by the window and motioned to David to join him. David looked over his shoulder. Through a hole in the lace curtain it was possible to see almost directly down on to a street corner. There was a cafe on the corner which, as usual, had spread itself on to the pavement—an awning, a vermilion advertisement, a few metal tables and chairs.

At one of the tables Dillon was sitting with a vermilion and a bottle of soda water in front of him. He was smoking a cigarette and lounging back in his chair with the attitude of a man who has all the time in the world to spend. He was well but not obtrusively dressed in a light grey suit; his long legs projected forward at the side of the table, ending in a pair of new brown suede shoes with thick crepe soles.

He was pretending to read a newspaper, but from David's point of vantage it was possible to see that his eyes were looking over the top of the paper, watching the street.

"That's him all right," said David.

Borromeo grunted. It was a slightly irritable grunt which suggested that he knew perfectly well who it was without being told. He seemed to consider now that he had done all in the way of explanation that was required of him. He settled down in his chair as comfortably as possible, his eyes fixed on the hole in the curtain, and lit a cheroot.

David wandered aimlessly about the room. He felt somewhat at a loss. Plainly Borromeo did not like him and was merely putting up with his presence because he had been



Gives day-long protection
SNO-MIST
POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 40

told to. There was no room for more than one person at the spyhole. The other two chairs in the room were uncomfortable and smelt musty. Who was the man with the bad teeth, he wondered, the tenant of the flat? A police informer?

Another ten or fifteen minutes passed and nothing happened. The room was beginning to fill with smoke from Borromeo's cheroot; it hung in an acrid cloud, polluting even further the stale, dusty air. David looked around for some other means of ventilation. It was obviously out of the question to tamper with Borromeo's window, but there was the window on the other wall. He walked quietly over to it.

It was stiff, as if it had not been touched for some months, but with a little persuasion it came open. David put his head out with relief. Even the street odor of decaying vegetable matter was preferable to Borromeo's cigar. He found himself looking into a side street at right-angles to the one where the Cafe Mirabella was situated, a narrow alley which sloped gently down towards the main centre of the city.

In the distance he could just see the trams and the crowds of shoppers in one of the wide avenues. A taxi turned out of the avenue and bumped its way up the hill, clearing the children out of its path with blasts of the horn. David watched it idly. Who, he wondered without any real curiosity, would take a taxi into a part of the town like this?

At that moment the taxi stopped as if at a sudden command. The door opened and a woman got out; a woman in a grey dress which might have succeeded in looking unobtrusive in Claridge's or the St. Regis; a tall woman, a little too thin for real beauty, with a shining mane of auburn hair. She spoke to the taxi-driver and then looked up the street, straight towards him. David slammed the window shut.

Borromeo turned round irritably at the noise. David smiled and made a fanning gesture with his hand to explain his need for fresh air. Then he sauntered to the door.

Borromeo grunted and turned back to the window.

He went out of the room and closed the door behind him. It was essential not to give any appearance of haste. The yellow-faced man was sitting in the kitchen and regarded him with dull curiosity as he passed by into the corridor. He moved at a walking pace as far as the corner and then broke into a run.

He went down the stairs two at a time, raced along the lower corridor, and out of the house door into the back courtyard. From here there was a narrow passage which led through into the street.

When he reached the street he halted and made sure of his bearings. The cafe was round the corner to his left, the window he had looked out of just above his head, the side street where he had seen Julia opened out directly opposite to him. There was no point in being too careful now. Speed was the important thing; it was essential to cut her off before she reached the Mirabella.

He ran across the road and looked down the side street just in time to see her turn off to her right. That would bring her to the Mirabella along the street parallel to this. He turned left, ran along to the next intersection, and turned right again. He was not more than twenty yards from the cafe and he could see Dillon, still hidden behind his paper, still waiting at his table on the pavement.

He slipped into a doorway and waited. He could hear the click of high heels coming

nearer and nearer to his place of concealment. Fortunately the street was almost deserted. He wondered if Dillon had seen Julia. It was just possible, but by no means certain.

As she came abreast of him he seized her by the arm and pulled her sharply into the doorway. She made surprisingly little resistance. It was almost as if she had been expecting something like this. When she saw who it was she looked at him with astonishment and indignation, but also, he thought, with a little relief.



He was not the police. "What do you think you're doing?" she demanded. "Take your hands off me."

He looked down. In her left hand she was carrying a small pigskin case, of the sort women use for packing toilet articles. "What have you got in there?"

"Mind your own business." Her pose of outraged innocence was somehow unconvincing. "What right have you to follow me about?"

"The police are waiting for you," he said.

"For me?" "Yes. They're watching Dillon at the cafe. They know he's going to meet somebody." She looked at him again in indecision. "I don't believe you."

He pointed up the street to a lottery-ticket seller. "You see that man? He's one of them. There's another watching through a window." When she remained silent he said, "Can you think of any reason why I should lie to you?"

She sighed and leaned back against the archway for support. "All right, I believe you. You can let me go now. I shan't run away." He took his hand from her arm and she began to rub it with the fingers of her other hand. "You hurt me."

"I'm sorry." "No, you're not." She added with a sort of weary contempt: "Why can't you leave him alone?"

"Dillon? Why—" About

to indulge in an outburst of indignation, he stopped himself. There was obviously a great deal which required explanation, but this was not the time. "Never mind about that for the moment. We've got to get you away from here."

She recoiled from him. "No! I've got to see him. I promised—"

"Don't talk like a fool!" Fear for himself, fear for her, a vision of appalling complications that might result from her obstinacy, all combined to make him lose his temper.

"Can't you see I'm trying to help you? If you show your-

the street, turned two corners, and entered a wider road, crowded with shoppers. Here the excitement had not penetrated. They slowed down to a brisk walk and moved among the crowds. She said nothing and allowed him to guide her. Looking at her face, he realised the reason for her docility. Her face was deathly pale, her eyes wide, with dilated pupils. Every now and then she would take a deep, shuddering gulp of breath.

"Where's your hotel?" he asked.

"The Excelsior."

"We'll go there. You can pack up your things and then get back to the ship as soon as possible."

"Can we take a taxi?"

"It's safer not to."

"I feel terrible."

"You're doing fine. It won't be long now."

At the entrance of the hotel, he said, "Is your father here, too?"

"Yes. We share a suite. But he won't be here this afternoon—he's with the consul."

"Good. Just collect the key in the ordinary way. I'm coming up with you."

He wondered if she would make any objection, but she did not. She collected the key and they went up together. When they were inside the drawing-room of the suite she looked round as if she had never seen it before. Gently he led her to an armchair and pushed her into it. Then he took the pig-skin case out of her hand. She protested weakly. "No—you've no right—"

He ignored her. Inside the case there was nothing but a neatly taped and carefully sealed brown-paper parcel. He weighed it in his hand.

"You asked me why I wouldn't leave him alone," he said grimly. "Have you any idea what's in this?"

"Yes." She was not at all disconcerted. "Money."

"You knew?"

"Of course. You don't suppose I'd have brought it ashore for him otherwise, do you?"

He looked at her, utterly taken aback. "I don't know what to say," he said helplessly.

"I can't see what's so wrong about it. Why shouldn't he take his own money ashore if he wants to?"

"His own money?"

"Oh," she said irritably, "I know it's against some stupid bureaucratic rules, but it doesn't make sense to me. It can't be more than a hundred pounds or so. He had to have something to start life with in a foreign country."

"So that's what he told you—"

David tore off the brown paper wrapping from one end of the package, looked at the contents, and then tossed it over to her. She looked at it in amazement.

"Dollars . . ."

"Five thousand. In fifty-dollar bills. Quite a nest-egg."

"But I don't understand—"

"They were stolen from the office safe—with my keys."

She leaned forward and put a hand over her face. Her body shuddered slightly as if she were going to be ill. He said nothing. Presently she seemed to recover and sat up again.

"I suppose," he went on, "he asked you to take this stuff ashore in the launch last night?"

"Yes. He explained—it didn't seem much." Noticing her expression she said, "You think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"Never mind what I think." He spoke roughly, repelled by her egotism. Even at this moment she was ready to enjoy an emotional over-eager to be the centre of attention. "There are more important things—"

"You're right. I was crazy," she said, as if he had never spoken. "He had some sort of effect on me—I can't describe it—"

"Don't try."

"But you should know—it's only fair. You must have wondered why I behaved so badly towards you. He fascinated me. He didn't give a hoot about anybody or anything. I was tired of people who were scared and tame, doing the same thing all the time in the same way, because they hadn't the courage to break loose." He felt a stab of injured pride—in spite of everything this was still the way she had regarded him. "He was different. He was wild—"

"Wild enough to attack Mrs. Cranston-Smith?"

She looked at him and then laughed—the old harsh laugh, without warmth or humor. "No. He didn't do that."

"It wasn't him that you saw in the corridor that night?"

"Oh yes. I saw him all right."

"Then what—"

"I wasn't going to identify him—why should I? I kept trying to persuade you to drop it." She added contemptuously, "But you were all so pompous."

"You could at least have cleared the other man."

"How? I did my best to describe a person who didn't exist. How on earth was I to know that somebody would be hanging about on the deck above?" She sighed wearily. "It was a hopeless mess. I couldn't possibly have told them what really happened."

"What did really happen?"

"I suppose you're entitled to know, if anyone is. It was all a mistake. He opened the wrong cabin door. He was coming to visit me."

It was foolish of him, David thought, not to have known it before. It was the obvious explanation which accounted for everything. From the first moment when he had so foolishly told her his secret, Dillon must have been an almost irresistible attraction to her, a new sensation which she could not bring herself to forgo. He had been the reason for her inexplicable changes of attitude, her lies and broken promises. It was Dillon whom she had gone ashore to meet in Colombo.

She was looking at him intently, and he could understand why—she was not mysterious to him any longer. She was waiting for him to react, to be angry, shocked, disgusted. She pleaded for attention like a drunkard for whisky. It was hard to resist such a blatant appeal. But he had nothing for her, he felt nothing—except a little pity.

She had no longer any attraction for him. He was not jealous. Her preference for Dillon seemed to him now not as a rejection of himself, but a form of perverted appetite, a symptom of abnormality.

"Come along," he said. The gentleness of his tone was an unconscious insult, a revenge, if he had known it, for all he had suffered at her hands. "Hurry up and pack your things. The sooner we get back on board the better."

They left the hotel and drove to the docks in a taxi. As he paid off the driver, David glanced at the dock gates.

There were the usual uniformed police there, together with a plainclothes man he had not seen before.

"I'll carry the cases," he said. He picked up her suitcase in one hand and the toilet case containing the notes in the other. "Try to act as if nothing had happened," he whispered. "Smile, if you can."

She made a poor attempt which would have deceived nobody. But it was of no consequence. David knew immediately that no bluff on their part would have got them past the gates. The policeman flicked over their passports and handed them to the man behind. He in his turn scrutinised each page with ostentatious care.

To page 44

Stardom for Susan

● "I'd rather be bad than mediocre," says ivory-skinned Susan Strasberg, who at the age of 18 is on the brink of a star career.

BUT then Susan is rather an unusual young lady.

Her father is the famous Lee Strasberg of the New York Actors' Studio. Among his graduates are Marlon Brando and the late James Dean.

Her mother is former actress Paula Miller, now celebrated as the teacher and film coach of Marilyn Monroe and Carroll Baker.

Strangely enough, neither of Susan's parents wanted an acting career for their daughter, having no doubt seen too many jittery, precocious theatre children.

It took former studio pupil Jo Van Fleet to persuade them to allow Susan to accept her first small off-Broadway part when she was 14.

And believing that anyone under 18 is too young to absorb instruction in "Method" acting, Strasberg has never permitted Susan to attend Actors' Studio classes.

But with acting in her blood, Susan already has behind her a triumph as Broadway's "Anne Frank," a television appearance as Shakespeare's Juliet, and one film, "Picnic," in which she played Kim Novak's tomboy sister.

Three months after the opening of "The Diary of Anne Frank" Susan's name went up in lights on the marquee.

Her Juliet won her the award of television's best actress of the year.

Though she has never been coached in the highly controversial "Method," with its emphasis on grunts, grimaces, and mumbles to project personality, Susan seems to have developed a similar technique of her own.

People have seen her throwing her head and hands about before she begins a scene.

While professionally Susan was making her name in juvenile roles (Anne Frank was 14), privately Susan was growing into a mature and interesting young woman.

It is this Susan who at 18 and in her first starring role has followed in Katharine Hepburn's footsteps by playing the part of the young New York actress Eva Lovelace in the recently completed "Stage Struck," an R.K.O. remake of the 1933 "Morning Glory."

It won Katy an Academy Award.

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



Continuing . . .

The Round Voyage

Then he snapped the passports shut.

"Signor Howard? Signorina Raymond?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Please." He motioned to them to accompany him. "Signor Ricardo wishes to speak to you."

"Both of us?"

"Yes."

"Very well." It was hardly worth while trying to look surprised. They followed him into the Customs House, a dark, cheerless cave, like a station from which all trains had long since departed. They picked their way through packing-cases and strands of rope.

David shifted the smaller case to his right hand and gripped Julia's arm with his left; there was a vague fear in his mind that without some support, some human contact, she would collapse during the ordeal that was to come. For there was evidently to be no easy way out. Ricardo would find out everything—or perhaps already knew.

The only question which remained was, what action would he take? What sort of a man was he? He had seemed reasonable, but one never knew. His pride would be affronted and he might well take his revenge

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

by publicising the whole affair. He might angle for a bribe to keep his mouth shut—what did one do then? The most important thing was to keep one's head and avoid panic. A hysterical outburst from Julia might be fatal.

"Leave the talking to me," he said in a low voice when the plainclothes man went forward to knock on the door of Ricardo's office. Julia nodded. Her face was pallid, her eyelids fluttering slightly. She leaned heavily on his arm.

Ricardo was where they had left him on the same chair. It was as if he had not moved in the past two hours. The expression on his face was unchanged.

When they were alone he dropped his cigarette-end on the floor and carefully trampled it underfoot. Then he folded his arms and gave one of his curious, tight-lipped grins.

"So," he said. "And how are things with you?"

It was a curious question, plainly designed to disconcert his audience. David said cautiously, "I expect you've heard what happened?"

He nodded. "Borromeo rang me up." After a pause he went on, "It seems he lost you. One moment you were there. The next moment—gone."

"I'm sorry about that." Borromeo was worried. He thought maybe you might get hurt."

"He shouldn't have bothered. I can look after myself."

"So it seems," said Ricardo coldly. "However, soon there was more for Borromeo to worry about. Somebody gave a shout to this Dillon and he began to run off."

"Somebody—" David said hesitantly. "Did they identify—?"

Ricardo shook his head. "A woman's voice—they thought."

There was a long silence. David had to exert all his will-power to prevent himself from saying something, anything to break the tension. He glanced at Julia. She was sitting with

[from page 42]

her eyes half-closed, as if she had succeeded in blotting the whole scene out of her consciousness. At the moment, he thought with relief, it was probably the best state for her to be in.

Finally Ricardo went on. "He got up and ran down a side-street. Borromeo couldn't get down in time and my other man was too slow to cut him off—so they had to chase him."

"Did they catch him?" David tried, without success, to keep the anxiety out of his voice.

"No." Ricardo regarded him ironically. "That is bad, uh?"

"It couldn't be helped," said David with relief.

"No—but it is nevertheless bad. We have lost the man—also the money . . ."

He looked at Julia, then at the small toilet case beside David's chair. Then he took out a packet of cigarettes, lit one, and inhaled deeply. It was an effective act, marred only by the spasm of coughing which followed it.

Sadly he mopped his streaming eyes with a handkerchief from his breast pocket. It was a ridiculous and yet at the same time critical moment. He had made it plain that he knew, or suspected, everything. What did he propose to do? What did he expect David to do?

"I wouldn't worry too much about the money," said David awkwardly.

"No?"

"No."

Ricardo raised one eyebrow. "You think it might turn up somewhere on the ship?" David said nothing. "Or maybe it was never stolen at all. Just a mistake, perhaps?"

"Yes. It is a possibility." David risked a slight, conspiratorial smile. He was tormented by indecision. Should he try to bribe the man? Ricardo might be waiting for it—this was perhaps the reason for these inferential remarks of his. On the other hand, if he was not expecting anything of the sort it would be a fatal error. He searched for a diplomatic approach. "I'm afraid we've wasted your time," he said apologetically, "on a wild-goose chase . . ."

"Please?"

"A false trail. I feel very badly about it. It's largely my fault. It must have cost a good deal of time—and money . . ."

His voice trailed away as he saw Ricardo watching him fixedly. Suddenly the detective began to shake with silent laughter. David flushed with embarrassment and waited for him to finish. Finally Ricardo gained control of himself.

"Forget it," he said.

David began to relax. Evidently his attempt at diplomacy had been clumsy, but at least it had put Ricardo into a good mood. There was one other point he was anxious to clear up.

"What about Dillon?" he asked. "Will you go on looking for him?"

"For what? For a forged passport? We got more to do. And with so many crooks in this town—one more makes no difference."

Suddenly, as if making a decision, he moved forward. "So that's all. Nothing more to talk about." He smiled again, but a different smile this time, amused, friendly—a smile for the acquitted.

At the realisation that it was

To page 47



1 LEFT: Killer Ford coolly appraises the situation after he has killed the driver, who showed signs of fight, in a stagecoach hold-up.

2 ABOVE: Returning home, Heflin tells Leora he and the boys saw the hold-up, but were warned by Ford they were not to talk.

SMOOTH NEW WESTERN



3 STUNG by Leora's ill-concealed contempt for his cowardice in not fighting it out with Ford, Heflin sets out for the town, where he hopes to get money to buy water for his starving stock.



4 MEETING a posse of angry citizens, who have already learned of the hold-up and murder and are out for revenge, Heflin reluctantly agrees to help them hunt the outlaw and bring him to justice.



5 FEARING reprisals from Ford's gang, his captors are loath to take the responsibility of holding him until he can be put on the 3.10 train to Yuma. Heflin accepts the job.



6 SLOWLY the hours pass in the frontier hotel where Ford has been held pending the train's arrival. Then the moment comes when, unprotected and exposed to attack, Heflin must put his surly prisoner aboard.



7 REFUSING a huge bribe offered by Ford for his freedom, and disregarding pleas to think of his own safety, the once-cowardly Heflin grimly directs his prisoner towards the waiting 3.10 to Yuma as the leaderless outlaw band relentlessly closes in.

New film role for Quinn

From Lee Carroll, in Hollywood

Likeable Anthony Quinn is being groomed by his father-in-law, Cecil B. De Mille, to inherit his great movie-making mantle.

AT 76, the man who in the minds of many represents the essence of Hollywood knows that his days are running out.

How much longer the old man, with 70 great films behind him, will be able to continue his 12-hour-a-day working schedule is debatable.

He has found the successor he wants in Tony Quinn, who, exactly 20 years ago, married De Mille's adopted daughter, Katherine.

Theirs is a happy marriage. They have three daughters and a son.

The road to fame for Tony Quinn has been a rocky one.

Born in Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1915, Quinn and his parents moved to Los Angeles when he was eight years old. His father died when Tony was only 12 and he took a job in a mattress factory to support the family. He studied in his spare time so he could remain in school.

After graduating from high school, Quinn embarked on a movie career. Most of his roles found him playing Indians. But in time, over the years, his roles improved, and so did his acting.

Tall, handsome, and athletic, Quinn's rise to fame has been gradual, though accelerating rapidly since 1950. In 1952 his stirring performance in "Viva Zapata" earned him an Academy Award for the best supporting player.

Last March he won the same award for his portrayal of Paul Ganguin in "Lust for Life." He also won rave notices from critics for "La Strada," and then was handed two of the best roles of the year.

The first of these, "Hot Spell" for Hal Wallis, finds him co-starred with Shirley MacLaine in a powerful story of domestic passions.

The second, just completed, was "Obsession," in which he is co-starred with Anna Magnani and Tony Franciosa.

He has done stage work, too; "The Gentleman From Athens," on Broadway, "A Streetcar Named Desire," in Chicago, and "Born Yesterday," in the South. He spent two years in Europe making films, the most recent of which was "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with Gina Lollobrigida, and he has appeared in numerous American television performances.

All of these assets plus the fact Quinn is one of the most popular persons in Hollywood, liked by both his fellow stars and the Press, make him a good candidate for a movie leader of the future.

Undoubtedly De Mille had this in mind when he decided to give his son-in-law his big chance — the directorship of the multi-million-dollar "The Buccaneer," with top star Yul Brynner as swashbuckling Jean Lafitte.

In October, 1937, De Mille produced and directed the original "Buccaneer," starring Fredric March, Franciska Gaal, Akim Tamiroff, Margot Grahame, Walter Brennan, Ian Keith. Way down in the cast list there appeared the name of a bit player, Anthony Quinn.

Today Quinn, at the same studio—Paramount—is working like a beaver on his own production of the same film, with Brynner and Claire Bloom in the old March-Gaal roles.

If "The Buccaneer" turns out to be a big box-office hit De Mille may slip into a well-earned retirement. If it doesn't turn out as he expects, then he may put Quinn at the helm of another film to give him some additional experience.

Either way it looks like the great De Mille is happy in the man he has picked to be his successor.



QUINN and Shirley MacLaine discuss a point with director Delbert Mann on the set of their recent film, "Hot Spell."

+ + +

RIGHT: "Lust for Life" won Quinn a 1957 Oscar as best supporting actor. It was his second Oscar. Here he is with Anna Magnani and Yul Brynner.

New Film Releases

★★★ LES GIRLS

M.G.M. musical, with Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Gene Kelly, Taina Elg. In Metrocolor, CinemaScope. Liberty, Sydney.

OUT of this story about the love-life of a three-girl and a one-man song-and-dance act that tours Europe, Kay Kendall emerges as a wonderful, talented zany, and Taina Elg as a new and delicious screen personality.

Long after the act is disbanded, Kay, now married to a titled Englishman, writes her memoirs. In it she recalls an occasion when Taina, spurned by their boss, Kelly, attempts suicide.

The ensuing libel action provides the opportunity for three flashback sequences in which Kay, Taina, and Kelly give their own version of what really happened.

Little Mitzi, somewhat overshadowed by the high-voltage performances of the other two, is the all-American girl who gets Kelly in the end.

There's a little singing (to pleasant though unexceptional Cole Porter music), a little dancing, some pretty gorgeous production shots, plenty of humor, and a bright and lively pace throughout.

But what you'll remember longest is the lunatic brilliance of Kay and the Persian kitten bite of Taina.

In a word: ATTRACTIVE.

★★ ROBBERY UNDER ARMS

J. Arthur Rank Western, with Peter Finch, Ronald Lewis, David McCallum, Maureen Swanson. In Eastman Color. State, Sydney.

THE roaring pioneer days of the 1860s in Australia are excellently re-created in this film taken

from Rolf Boldrewood's famous story of the same name.

It is the story of two brothers, Ronald Lewis and David McCallum, who join the band of men led by the dashing adventurer and bush-ranger Captain Starlight (Peter Finch).

When a State trooper is killed, the brothers leave the gang and go to the goldfields. They find themselves in a rip-roaring boom town where Lewis becomes entangled with two former girl-friends, the passionate and vindictive Maureen Swanson and the gentle Ursula Finlay, and McCallum falls in love and marries Jill Ireland.

Captain Starlight raids the local bank and several people are killed. Maureen Swanson's jealousy sets the law on the innocent brothers.

Peter Finch, as an unashamed rogue, gives a subtle performance, alternating between unfeeling arrogance and deep loyalty to his friends. Although he is the main star of the film he is not seen often enough—perhaps because the story had too many incidents to exploit each fully.

David McCallum as the younger brother is very good, especially at the last when all his emotions are very plain. To say more would give away the ending.

Eastman Color does full justice to the scenery of out-back Australia, with its ragged, rock-strewn ranges, stark gums, and dusty, sweeping plains. The sound of the crows, heard so often in the country, adds even more to the authenticity.—A.M.B.

In a word: RUGGED.

News from studios

MOTHER-TO-BE Debbie Reynolds, who has just finished her latest film, "The Happy Feeling," is to team with Gower Champion in "The Boy Friend" after the birth of her baby.

JEFF CHANDLER, newly separated from his wife, showed up at a recent party given by Alfred Hitchcock, as the escort of Kim Novak. Another separated Hollywood couple, Rock and Phyllis Hudson, are refusing to talk to anyone about the cause of their split-up. Rock has recently been seen in the Universal commissary sharing meals with newcomer Betty Abbott.



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 Initialed Coloured 3/11

Boys' handkerchiefs (coloured):
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 Gift box of 3 5/9

Slight variations of some prices in Sth. Australia and Queensland.

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the classic
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FORMAL DINNER SETTING (above) is planned in tones of yellow, ranging from palest primrose to the deep gold of the Roselandia roses. The designs on the mats, a dainty wheatear pattern, and on the cutlery were kept simple to offset the lovely floral Wedgwood china. A rose bloom placed by each setting repeats the central arrangement for a charming effect. Make a note of this graceful idea for your table.

TABLES OF TASTE

● Lovely table settings are as much a mark of the good hostess as the food she serves. The four tables shown on this page were planned by Miss Lorraine Kloppmann, who looked after arrangements and flowers for a recent exhibition held in Sydney. Pictures are by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



LEFT: A romantic setting for two is restrained in colors of blue, white, and silver. Delphiniums and daisies are used for the attractive floral centerpiece. To keep the setting uncluttered, only one candle has been used in each stick, with a cluster of flowers filling the four extra holders. The blue-and-white Minton plates complete the theme.

RIGHT: Informal and bright with color, this buffet table features a Rosenthal service with black line drawings of vegetables outlining the plates. The highlight of the table is a colorful arrangement of leaves, chillies, artichokes, lemons, grapefruit, passionfruit, cucumber, peppers, and cumquats.



FOR A LATE SUPPER PARTY the table above is just right. It is effective with its clever but quiet color scheme, which embraces the embroidered mats and table napkins, the chaste design on the plates, and the lovely floral arrangement in the centre of the table. Flanked by four pure white Rosenthal figurines, the larkspurs, campanulas, and white daisies are kept low to simplify conversation across the table.

all over, David felt a surge of gratitude. He saw in the tired, sallow, little man, with his cheap clothes and nicotine fingers, a depth of tolerance, an undemanding and unsuspecting kindness.

"It's been very good of you," he stammered. "So sorry — so much trouble."

Ricardo walked up to David and tapped him affectionately on the shoulder. "Don't look so worried." He turned to Julia. "And you, Miss Raymond. Relax. Everything is all right now. Shall I tell you something? Everybody worries too much — especially English people. They get too confidential. No good comes of it."

Outside the Customs House it was already almost dark. The Capricorn towered over the quay, her vast bulk spotted with hundreds of tiny lights. Julia and David walked up the gangway in silence. When they reached the deck a steward came forward. David handed him the larger case.

"Take this to Miss Raymond's cabin."

"Very well, sir."

When the steward had disappeared, he said to her, "I'll return this one later."

He waited for her to speak, but she said nothing. In the



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Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 44

darkness he could read no expression on her face.

"Are you feeling all right?" he asked.

"Yes," she said sharply. "I could get Fellows."

"I'm perfectly all right. I don't want to see anyone."

"As you wish." He held up the bag and said, as gently as possible, "You realise, don't you, that I shall have to show this to the captain?"

"Yes. Tell him whatever you like." She spoke impatiently as if he persisted in bothering her

dangerous. The time would come when she would no longer be able to say, "I don't want to talk about it any more."

She walked away down the deck as if turning her back not only on him, but on defeat itself. He saw in her a distortion, an exaggeration, of his own irresponsibility. He too had been the servant of day-dreams.

To Ann, to the captain, he had appeared as Julia appeared

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



over some trivial matter. "I don't want to talk about it any more."

It was the petulance of a child who throws away a broken toy. The adventure was over; it had ended badly and she wished to forget it. Dillon, David himself meant nothing to her. They would exist in her memory only as the background of a game she had once played, a game which had turned out to be unsuccessful and humiliating. She would turn away from it, in search of another fantasy. But, as time went on, the games would grow more

to him, as a frivolous adolescent. His plans for another life ashore had been nothing more than a vague aspiration, like Ross and his chicken farm. It was significant that no one but Julia had ever taken them seriously.

He was just about to walk away when a voice said, "Hello, Purser."

It was Floyd. David said coldly, "If you'll excuse me, I have an urgent appointment."

Floyd looked at him in surprise. "What are you being so stuffy about?"

"Really," said David, "if you

can't guess, it's hopeless to try to explain to you. Have you no idea of the trouble you've caused?"

"Trouble? Oh—" Understanding came to him. "—You mean the libel action? But that was nothing to do with you."

"It affected me, indirectly."

"I'm sorry about that. Now, if I'd known . . ." He added cheerfully, "Anyway, it's all settled now."

"It is?"

"Yes, the captain called our bluff, you know. I must say I didn't think he was as shrewd as that. He must have realised that she'd never go through with it." He shook his head regretfully. "A pity. It would have made an interesting case. But there you are—she's a nice girl, but not a really first-class litigant, I'm afraid. Not enough stamina, if you follow me." A blast of wind blew across the deck, and he pulled his coat around him. "Nasty weather, isn't it?"

"But it was quite warm this afternoon," said David conversationally.

"Well, it's not now," grumbled Floyd. "Might as well be in England. Makes you feel the voyage is really over doesn't it?"

"Yes."

Presently Floyd left him, and he stood for a few minutes looking over the rail at the moving figures on the gang ways, the cranes reaching into the hold, the gangs of dockers stacking crates inside the entrance of the Customs House. He heard the hooting of the tugs which were to take the Capricorn from her moorings — it was an urgent, self-important noise, and today it seemed to David to sound a note of finality. For him, too, the voyage was over. He had returned home.

He turned away from the rail and began to climb the companionway to the bridge. It was time for him to make his report to the captain.

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"MARGOT."—One-piece bowling dress designed with a fly-front, buttoned-through fastening, 8-gored skirt, and action-back bodice. The dress is available in white Sundek and white Tennyson no-iron poplin.

Ready to Wear: In Sundek, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 94/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 97/3; 40 and 42in. bust, 98/9. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra. In poplin, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 83/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 85/9; 40 and 42in. bust, 86/3. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: In Sundek, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 74/6; 40 and 42in. bust, 76/9. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra. In poplin, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 64/9; 40 and 42in. bust, 66/3. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

follow this 2 point plan for glowing SKIN HEALTH AND RADIANCE THIS SUMMER



(1) FOR GLAMOROUS SUNTAN WITHOUT DISCOMFORT, HERCO SUN SCREEN SUNTAN LOTION—the Lotion that eclipses the sun. Herco Sun Screen will protect the naked body from blistering when it is exposed to the sun. Surfers and sunbathers can now get all the benefit from the sun's rays without any burning whatsoever. Herco Sun Screen will stop a large proportion of the ultra-violet rays in order that the skin may not burn, but merely tan. Herco Sun Screen is a new product, and has been proven not only to be non-toxic, non-irritating and inoffensive, but it has also been shown to possess distinct healing qualities in cases where a slight sunburn already existed when the lotion was applied. There's no danger of painful, blistering burn when you tan with Herco Sun Screen Suntan Lotion.

(2) FOR PROTECTION THROUGH THE WEEK, HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION. Revitalise wind-dried skin by restoring natural oils. The heat and dry winds of summer soon dry out even the healthiest skin. With the natural oils removed, skin becomes harsh, ages rapidly, becomes prone to blemishes. Herco's active olive oil and lanolin emulsion feeds needed moisture back into the skin, restores its health, makes it young again. Neutral formula preserves natural protective layer. All normal skin wears an invisible protective coating. Some lotions are acid or alkaline and dissolve away this coating. Herco products are guaranteed neutral, feed the skin without harming nature's protection.

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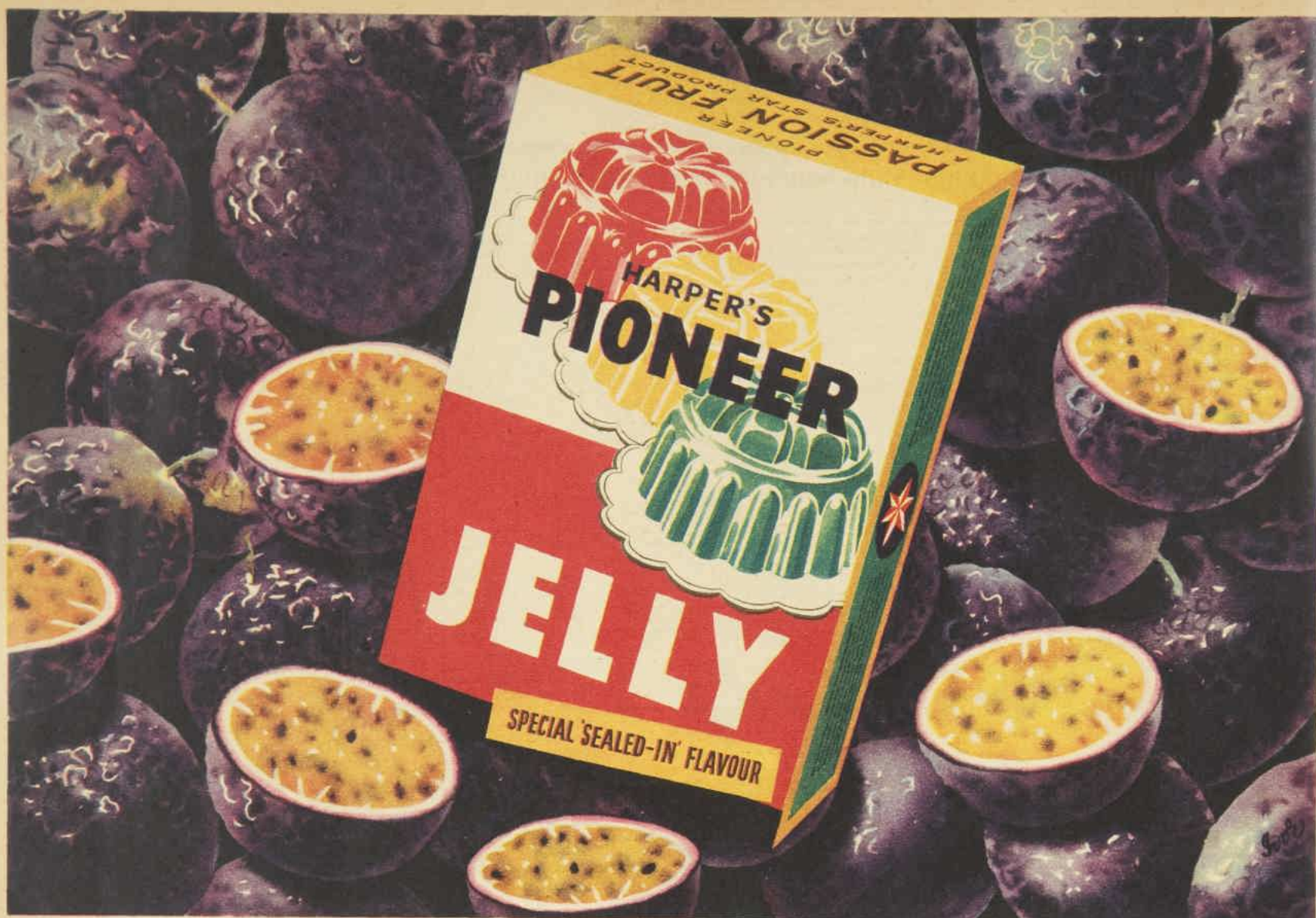


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DEBBIE SERVES: Eye-pleasing party parfaits

● Every time she serves colorful and tempting parfaits, Debbie, our teenage chef, is showered with compliments by her friends.

ON this page Debbie shows how she makes her four favorite parfaits—raspberry sundae, tropic delight, almond crunch, and chocolate foam—and arranges them attractively on a tray (right).

The illustrations below show one step in the preparation of each of these parfaits.

Here is the recipe for the basic parfait cream. This quantity is sufficient to fill two average-size ice-cream trays.

BASIC PARFAIT CREAM

One pint milk, 1 cup dry powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Beat powdered milk and sugar into fresh milk warmed to blood heat. Add dissolved gelatine and beat for 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until just firm. Return to basin, add vanilla, and beat again until doubled in bulk. Pour back into trays, freeze until firm.

Vary the flavor of the cream by adding 1 dessertspoon grated orange or lemon rind or 2oz. melted chocolate.



TROPIC DELIGHT: Make one quantity basic parfait cream. Before second freezing, divide mixture in two. Leave one half plain, and to remaining cream add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed strawberries and color with pink food coloring; freeze. Place 1 dessertspoon crushed pineapple and glace cherries in glass. Cover with a scoop of vanilla cream, 1 banana (sliced and drenched in lemon juice), and more strawberry cream.



RASPBERRY SUNDAE (above): Prepare one quantity basic parfait cream, thaw 1 tin quick-frozen raspberry or any other fruit. Place a scoop of cream into bottom of glass, cover with 3 tablespoons drained raspberry. Repeat these layers until glass is filled. Top with a swirl of whipped sweetened cream.

ALMOND CRUNCH (left): Mix one quantity of basic parfait cream. Fold in 4oz. crushed almond brittle after final beating. Half fill glass with frozen almond cream, place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped strawberries into glass, fill with almond mixture. Then decorate with a swirl of cream and toasted almonds.



CHOCOLATE FOAM: After preparing one quantity basic parfait cream, to one half add 1oz. melted chocolate before commencing to beat. One-third fill glass with frozen chocolate mixture, add same amount of vanilla cream, and repeat the chocolate layer. Decorate the top with whipped sweetened cream and grated chocolate.



AN IDEAL HOME FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY

For home-planners intending to build on a 40ft. or a 60ft. frontage in the city or the country, nothing could be more winning as a Christmas gift than this week's attractive design.

ONE of our signature Home Plans, it was designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys, and is particularly suitable for building on a corner block.

It is an adaptable plan, with a good elevation on either a wide or a narrow site, and is available for £7/7/-, complete

with specifications, at our Home Planning Centres, for which addresses are given below.

Both ground layouts show generous living space, with a dining-room, as well as a meals-area in the kitchen, a sunroom, two bedrooms, and minimum hall space.

It is a design which allows for gracious living, as the bedrooms, bathroom, laundry, and toilet are confined to one small wing, and most of the house is devoted to living space.

Continuity

The roof construction is a long gable, with smaller gables at either end. Kept to a minimum pitch, they give shelter from the sun to keep the house cool in summer.

The gable over the sunroom is at a lower level than the main roof. If desired the sunroom can be left, without difficulty, for building on at a later stage.

Although all the rooms can be closed off, there is continuity between the kitchen, lounge, dining-room, and sunroom to make a splendid area for entertaining.

The attractive home has an area of 12.4 squares in brick, and 11.55 squares in timber or fibro construction, plus 1.2 squares in the verandah.

In the modified design, there is an area of 10.2 squares in brick, and 9.5 squares in timber construction.

Approximate cost of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5225; timber, £3925; fibro, £3625.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £4225; timber, £3550; fibro, £3450.

In South Australia: Brick, £4500; asbestos, £3350.

In Queensland: Brick, £5225; timber, £3550; fibro, £3425.

For the modified design, approximate cost is:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4300; timber, £3325; fibro, £3100.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £3500; timber, £2950; fibro, £2850.

In South Australia: Brick, £3700; asbestos, £2775.

In Queensland: Brick, £4300; timber, £2950; fibro, £2850.

This home plan can be obtained at our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. The Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

• All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

• Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock. All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with specifications, and are available in six variations.

• Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

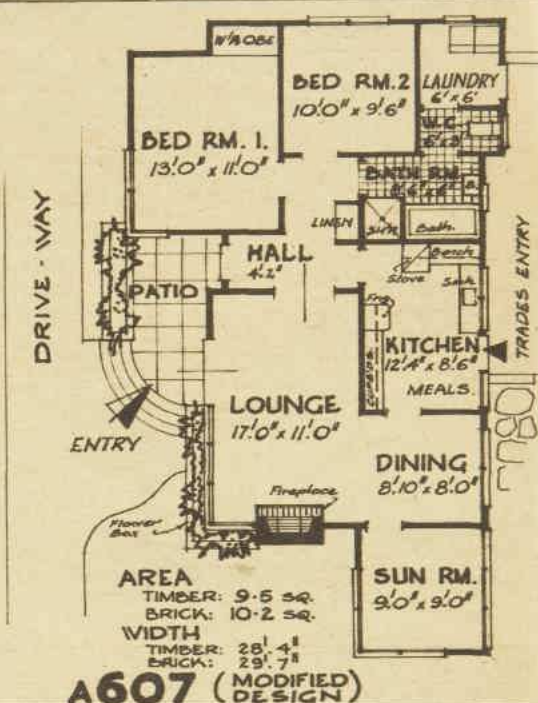
Plans can also be ordered by mail. Enclose the fee, and give details of proposed building materials and roofing, and the sewerage facilities available in your area.

Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

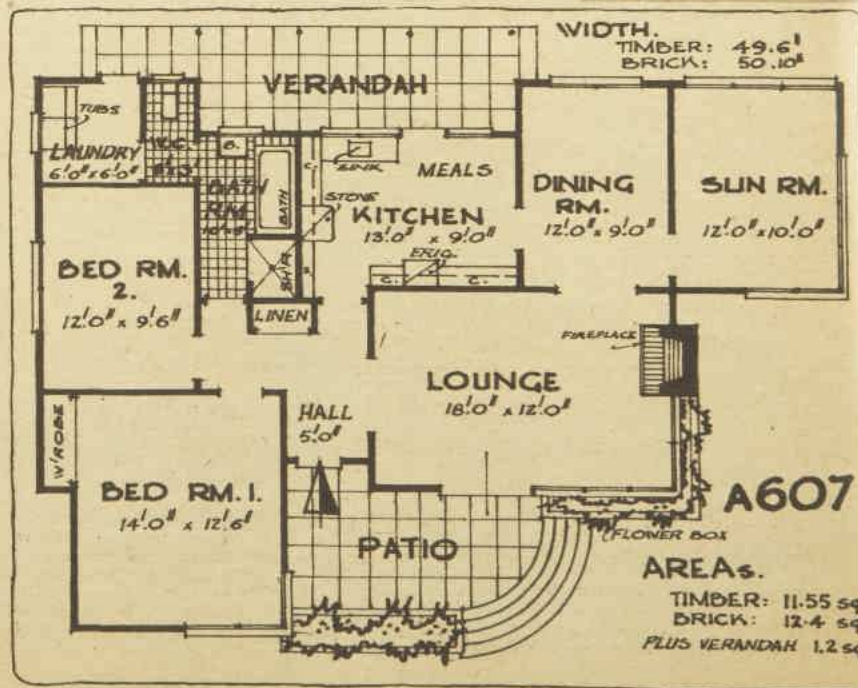
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

OUR HOME PLAN No. A607, shown above, is particularly suitable for a corner block. Circular steps and colorful flower-boxes are a feature of the design.



ABOVE: This floor plan of the modified version of the home shows its generous living space.

BELOW: On the wider frontage there is room for a back verandah, which can be continued across the dining-room and sunroom wall, making it ideal for a country home. Bedrooms are confined to one small wing.



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Handymen like Pegboard for the way it keeps tools within reach. Easy-to-fix Pegboard is sold in 4 ft. x 3 ft. or 6 ft. x 4 ft. sheets and covers old walls as well as it makes new ones.

Ask for Masonite Pegboard at leading hardware stores and timber yards everywhere.



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MASONITE PEGBOARD

Plan a border of

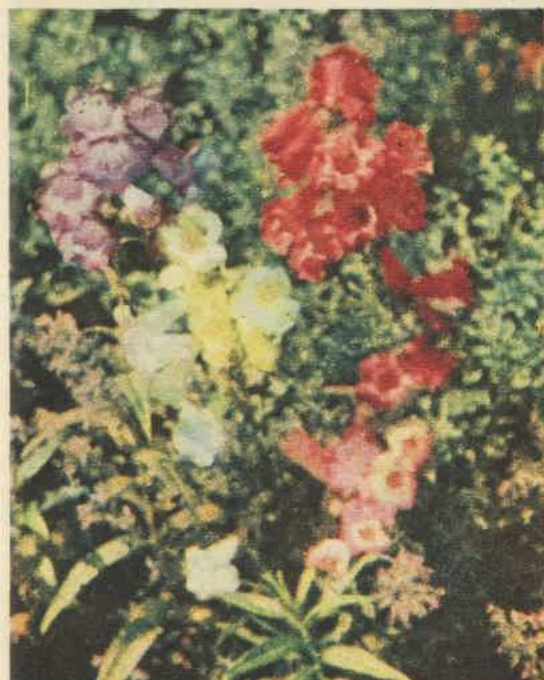
PRETTY PERENNIALS

● Perennials can be built into a border that will provide a changing pattern of color all the year. Work to a plan that avoids geometric patterns by planting in groups and clumps that merge unevenly into one another. Give favored positions to plants that provide blooms for cutting.

GARDENING



CAMPANULA. Summer-flowering perennials which vary from 3in. cover plants to 4ft. clumps. This variety grows two feet high. Raise from seed sown in spring, plant in moist, semi-shady positions. Divide clumps every two or three years or flowers will deteriorate. Campanulas are also known as harebells, bluebells, and bellflowers.



PENSTEMON. Hardy shrubby plants growing two feet high. Sow in autumn, allowing up to three weeks for germination. Plant out in open, sunny positions in soil well drained but not too dry. After flowering, cut back to induce new flush of bloom. Take cuttings every second autumn to make new plants. Dust with DDT from bud stage against caterpillars, to which they are susceptible.



VALERIAN. Accommodating, old-fashioned border plants which will flourish in sun or semi-shade, and in almost any soil. This one is the common garden type which grows to about 2ft. 6in., self-sows vigorously, but can also be increased by cuttings or division. Gets out of hand unless lifted and thinned out from time to time.



GAZANIA. Low-growing, rapidly spreading plants whose flowers open only in sunshine. Good for rockeries, edges, and holding crumbling sandy banks. They thrive best in dry positions, will rot in wet spots. In recent years wine-red, purple, and flame varieties have been introduced. Watch for interesting new tints in self-sown seedlings, and take cuttings in either spring or autumn from plants of preferred colors. Lift and thin clumps occasionally.



SCABIOSA. Strong-growing perennial form of pin-cushion. In a short time, one root will make a sprawling plant about four feet across, with dozens of mauve-pink blooms. Seed may be sown in spring and cuttings taken in spring or winter. Any average garden soil will suit pin-cushions, and they prefer sun. Prune heavily once or twice a year after each crop of flowers. Place towards front of border, or use to spill freely down sloping ground.



ARTEMISIA. Aromatic herbs or small shrubs grown chiefly for their silver foliage. This is useful for dividing clashing colors in a mixed border. Plants will thrive in the driest places and may be increased by root divisions taken in May or June. Above, they have, as a foil, perennial asters, which also do well in open, sunny positions. These are now available in a great variety of colors.



MONARDA. Coarse, aromatic, square-stemmed herbs known as horse-mint. Not fussy about soil, but prefer semi-shade. Position should be well drained, but as plants are shallow-rooting, they must be kept moist. Begin with nurserymen's plants, increase by division in winter or early spring. Protect from the tiny mint beetle with D.D.T.



NIEREMBERGIA. Fine-leaved plant like a miniature shrub with blue saucer-shaped blooms. It grows about 8in. high, needs a sunny spot with moderately good soil. Sow seed in autumn, plant out 9in. apart. Here it is backed by a mass of *Cerastium tomentosum*, spreading rockery plant with silvery leaves that covers itself with small white flowers. Hence its common name, "Snow in Summer." The trailing stems take root easily in autumn.

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Hangnail remedy

TROUBLED with split, broken cuticle and painful hangnails? Never try to correct this condition by cutting the cuticle with scissors. For not only does this leave the cuticle rough and jagged, but it can actually cause serious injury.

The safest, quickest remedy is Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover. Apply this beneficial, oily liquid to the sides and base of the nail. Then simply wipe away loosened cuticle and hangnail.

Instantly, nails are trim and neat, smoothly outlined, beautifully groomed. You'll be so glad you learned about Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover!



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Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

P.S.
PICTORIAL-SHOW . . .
is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.

Savory dishes win our prize

● An interesting collection of recipes for savory snacks and spreads that are perfect for holiday parties wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest for readers.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 are awarded for a simple and delicious recipe for biscuits the children will love, and a casserole recipe in which economical breast of lamb is given a gourmet touch.

The recipes for other appealing dishes are also given on this page. All spoon measurements are level.

HORS-D'OEUVRES COLLECTION

Buttered Asparagus: One large tin asparagus spears, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

Place asparagus tin (opened) into a saucepan with a small quantity of water. Bring water to the boil and simmer gently for 10 to 15 minutes. Meanwhile, melt butter in a small frying-pan; add crumbs and saute lightly so that all the crumbs are well coated with butter. Remove from pan and drain off excess shortening on absorbent paper. Sprinkle crumbs with nutmeg. Remove asparagus tin from saucepan and arrange spears on a heated plate. Sprinkle over buttered crumbs. Serve accompanied by fresh buttered rolls or slices of bread.

Individual Crab Salads: Half cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon chilli sauce, 3 tablespoons finely chopped gherkin or dill pickle, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and paprika to taste, 1 tin crab meat.

Pour mayonnaise into a small basin, add chilli sauce, chopped gherkin, vinegar, salt and paprika; mix well.

Lastly, add roughly chopped crab meat. Mix again and chill. Serve in crisp tiny lettuce leaves on a large salad platter garnished with tomato wedges, slices of hard-boiled eggs, and parsley.

Poppy Seed Spread: Four ounces cream cheese, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons poppy seeds, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix cream cheese to a soft consistency with evaporated milk. Add sauce, onion, poppy seeds, salt and pepper. Leave stand a few hours so that poppy-seed flavor fully penetrates the mixture. Spread on small buttered savory biscuits, canapes, or bread slices. Serve on a small plate or arrange on a hors-d'oeuvres platter. Garnish with parsley.

Savory Egg Dip: Four hard-boiled eggs, 2-3rd cup mayonnaise, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons parsley (chopped), 1 tablespoon grated onion, pinch thyme, salt and pepper to taste.

Measure mayonnaise and evaporated milk into a bowl; mix well. Add chopped parsley, onion, salt, pepper, thyme, and, lastly, roughly chopped hard-boiled eggs. Spoon mixture into a small bowl and place in the centre of a large salad platter. Arrange small savory biscuits, buttered shapes of rye bread, or potato crisps around edge. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. W. Smith, Box 93, Bunbury, W.A.

Teach your child to be in the swim

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, our Mothercraft Nurse.

● Every summer there is a tragic and unnecessary number of deaths by drowning which could be prevented if young children were taught to swim at the earliest possible age.

LEARNING to swim can have its beginnings in infancy, in those early months, as soon as your baby's head and neck muscles are strong enough to give good support to his head.

You can help encourage his safety in the water by transferring him to the big bath when he is about 3 months old. Let him exercise himself in the deep water to gain confidence.

Support his neck and shoulders with one hand and his buttocks with the other; lower his body under the water and let him kick.

Then turn him over to the swimming position with your hands under his chest and abdomen. He will soon strike out strongly with his arms and legs to reach for any little floating toy just beyond his reach.

He will soon learn not to

mind having water splashed over his face, and later will enjoy being ducked quickly under. Hold him face upward and duck him through the water with a quick backward movement so that the water does not run up his nose.

In the bath or on the beach you must never frighten him, but if you hold him firmly he will be confident and will become accustomed to this play and exercise in deep water.

With this confidence he will never be afraid of water and will be early in learning to dog-paddle and swim.

Even before he goes to school there are many opportunities to have very young children taught to swim by experts.

Accidents by drowning could be reduced to a minimum if all parents saw to this important aspect of their children's education.



BANANA QUICKIES

Five ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup mashed bananas (approx. 3 medium-sized bananas mashed by hand or in an electric mixer), 1/2 teaspoon baking soda, 3oz. softened margarine, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, few drops of almond essence.

Topping: One tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind.

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, and soda; add sugar, mix well. Add softened margarine, banana, egg, and essences; beat thoroughly until smooth. Drop in teaspoonfuls on to ungreased oven slides. Mix brown sugar and orange rind together and sprinkle a little on top of each cake. Bake in a moderately hot oven for 13 to 15 minutes. When cooked, loosen cakes with a knife and turn on to a cake-cooler. This quantity makes about two dozen cakes.

Variation of Topping: Colored coffee sugar, sugar

SAVORY FOODS are always popular when served for supper. Recipes for the above treats are given on this page.

and ovaline, sugar and 1/2 teaspoon spice.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. M. Mayne, Box 184, Suva, Fiji.

NAVARIN OF LAMB

One large breast (or boned neck) of lamb, a little fat for frying, 1 good pinch sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 lb. skinned tomatoes, 1 clove crushed garlic, bouquet garni (a bay leaf, several sprigs parsley, small sprig of thyme)—if not available, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs—8-10 small onions, 8-10 small potatoes, 1 cup peas, 1 cup carrot straws, a little chopped parsley.

Trim excess fat off lamb and cut into service-sized pieces. Gently fry in fat until lightly brown. Drain on absorbent paper and place into casserole dish; keep warm. Pour off most of fat from frying-pan, sprinkle in sugar, and heat until it becomes a warm deep

gold. Add flour, tomatoes, then enough hot water to cover meat. Pour over meat in casserole. Add garlic, salt and pepper, and bouquet garni or herbs. Cover, bake in a very moderate oven for 1 1/2 hours. Then remove bouquet garni and add vegetables; cook further 1/2 hour. Serve hot sprinkled with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. A. Higgs, Dent St., Glen Iris, Vic.

COFFEE SHELLS

Pastry: Five tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1/2 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs.

Filling: Two tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Pastry: Bring to boil in saucepan the water, shortening, and coffee essence. Stir in flour and salt (sifted together), cook until mixture leaves sides of saucepan, stirring constantly. Cool slightly, add beaten eggs gradually, beating well until mixture is quite smooth. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to a greased oven slide or pipe through a bag with a plain-topped eclairs pipe. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking 20 minutes. Remove from oven and transfer to cake-cooler. Split through centres.

Filling: Combine in saucepan honey, flour, brown sugar, and beaten egg; mix well. Then add vanilla and milk. Stir over a low heat until boiled and thickened. Cool and fill into cooled puffs. Dust with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. A. Tam, 107 Commonwealth St., Sydney.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is rabbit cooked in a spicy gravy. It costs approximately 7/-, and serves four or five.

CREOLE RABBIT

One rabbit, 2 tablespoons fat, 4 tablespoons seasoned flour, 1 pint stock or water, 1 apple, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, pinch spice, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 clove, pinch curry powder, salt, pepper, 1/2 cup wine or vinegar, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Soak rabbit 1/2 hour in salted water; joint. Coat with seasoned flour, brown in hot fat; remove and stand in warm place. Add stock or water; bring to boil. Add apple (chopped, peeled, and cored), sliced onion and tomatoes, celery, spice, clove, curry powder, salt, pepper, and wine or vinegar. Add rabbit pieces, and cover; pressure-cook 20 minutes or simmer 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. Remove clove. Top with chopped parsley. Serve with rice or spaghetti.

F6019.—Summer dress designed with a sleeveless square-neck bodice-top and a prettily flared skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 1½in. ribbon. Price 3/11.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F1102.—Attractively styled afternoon dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4761.—Blouse-backed beltless sheath finished with a graceful skirt panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4725.—Flattering lines for a matron's one-piece dress. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4738.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make, form-fitting slip. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4760.—Sun-suit and bolero jacket for a small girl or boy. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires 1½ to 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 618—TENNIS DRESS

Sleeveless short-skirted tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white unvarnished poplin and white pique. Sizes 28 and 34in. bust 27/3, 36 and 38in. bust 29/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 619—TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is linen tea-towelling, woven with multi-colored stripes of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 22 by 32in., price 6/9 each. Postage 6d extra. Set of three 19/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 620—BEACH COAT

Tailored beach coat for a small boy or girl is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed super haircord. The color choice includes blue/lemon/white, pink/green/white, red/blue/white, and red/lemon/white. Sizes 2 years 16/3, 3 to 4 years 17/6, 5 to 6 years 18/6, and 7 to 8 years 19/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 621—APRON-SMOK

Practical apron-smock is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is headcloth, and white bias binding is supplied for the finish. The color choice includes white, grey, green, pink, and blue. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust, price 24/3. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

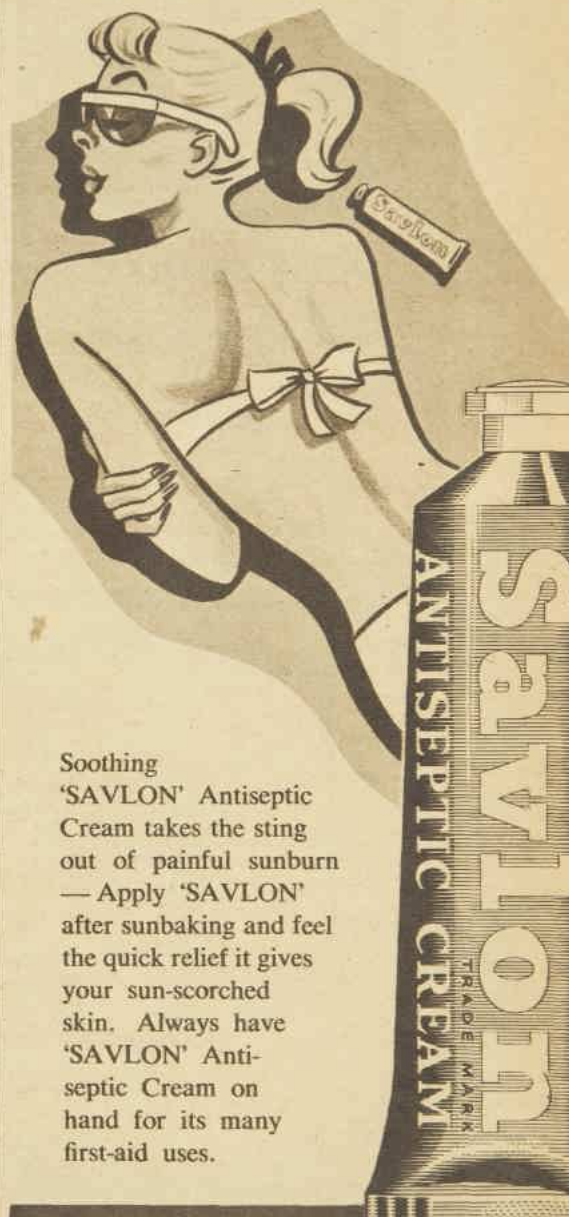
* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

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RASPBERRY JUNKET WITH PEACHES

2 raspberry-flavoured junket tablets, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, a few drops of cochineal, whipped cream, sliced peaches. Place peach slices in individual dessert glasses. Dissolve raspberry-flavoured junket tablets in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk and cochineal, adding 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, to LUKEWARM—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablets. Stir a few seconds and pour at once over peaches in dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. When set, decorate with whipped cream and remainder of sliced peaches. Chill before serving.

Thrill your family with cool, creamy,

HANSEN'S JUNKET DESSERTS

made in a minute - and so economical

LEMON JUNKET

1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon flavouring, whipped cream, maraschino cherries. Dissolve junket tablet in one teaspoon cold water. Warm milk, sugar and lemon flavouring to LUKEWARM—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. When set, decorate each glass with whipped cream topped with a maraschino cherry. Chill before serving.



Cool, refreshing Hansen's Junket desserts spark jaded appetites and provide the essential nourishment of pure, fresh milk in its most digestible form. Hansen's Junket is made in minutes—easy to prepare and so economical.

Choose from either plain or luscious fruit flavours of strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, almond or cherry.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

FRUIT FLAVOURED or PLAIN



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is as worried and puzzled as the Chief of Police by the antics of dishonest gambler "Honest" John. John is openly advertising the fact that he plans to open a gambling casino. He even invites Mandrake and the Chief to attend the opening. Following the many signs around

town that point the way to the casino, Mandrake and the Chief reach an empty lot. Carloads of people—all prospective casino patrons—arrive. A large helicopter lands and loads Mandrake and the patrons to take them high into the air to a dirigible—the casino. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



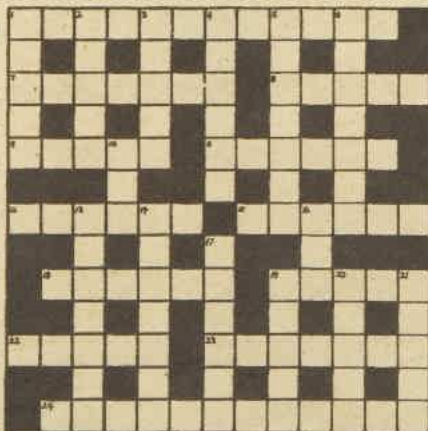
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 and 24. This time of the year the usual text for most of your correspondence (5, 4, 3, 5, 3, 4).
7. Fish, the head of which can produce light (7).
8. Twitches for Americans (5).
9. Flowers full of sores (5).
11. Spirit usually of hostile character in a sum (6).
12. Improvement concerning figure (6).
15. Semi-precious stones visible in a stage (6).
18. They were three goddesses conferring beauty and charm (6).
19. Tempest, but not by Shakespeare (5).
22. Brag mostly through your uncle's wife (5).
23. Advantageous purchase seems to be the profit of the inn-keeper (7).
24. See 1 across.



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. A grinder (5).
2. Assumes a threatening posture (5).
3. Tell them or spin them (5).
4. The beginning of spring-time in Europe (3, 3).
5. Such conglomeration of secret agents is not sold by jewellers (3-4).
6. The plaintiff did not appear, probably because he had nothing to wear (7).
10. I was in Caesar's Rome (3).
13. Fixed rule made by covering fur with loam (7).
14. Pie cart (Anagram for punters, 7).
16. Part of a ship exhibited in Grafton (3).
17. His nib has this receptacle for refuse (3-3).
19. Agricultural by-product for anything proverbially worthless (5).
20. Speak formally by swallowing a rat (5).
21. A human being or a barony held by a lord (5).

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